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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 3, 1942
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Vol. CLXXI No. 2228 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 3 1942

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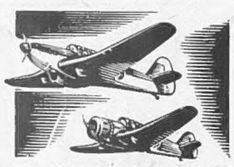

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These natural foods should be included regularly in the diet.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

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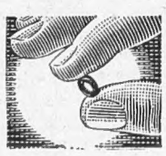
HALIBUT  LIVER OIL

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Volume CLXXI No. 2223 The SPHERE, London, October 3, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PRESENTATION OF THE GEORGE CROSS TO THE ISLAND OF MALTA: THE GOVERNOR MAKES THE PRESENTATION TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE in the bomb-scarred City of Valetta, amidst the ruins of Palace Square

It was a proud day for the people of Malta when they received the George Cross awarded by the King—an occasion unique in British annals. The actual presentation took place in the Palace Square, where a platform had been erected amidst the ruins in the heart of Valetta. General Lord Gort, V.C., Governor and Commander-in-Chief, handed over the case containing the Cross (together with the King's letter) to Sir George Borg, Chief Justice and President of the Court of Appeal, who received it on behalf of the people of Malta. The Cross will now be taken round every town and village, and, when peace returns, will be placed in St. John's Pro-Cathedral which, although surrounded by ruins, has itself escaped destruction. In his letter, the King has written, in his own hand, that "to honour her brave people I award the George Cross to the island fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history"

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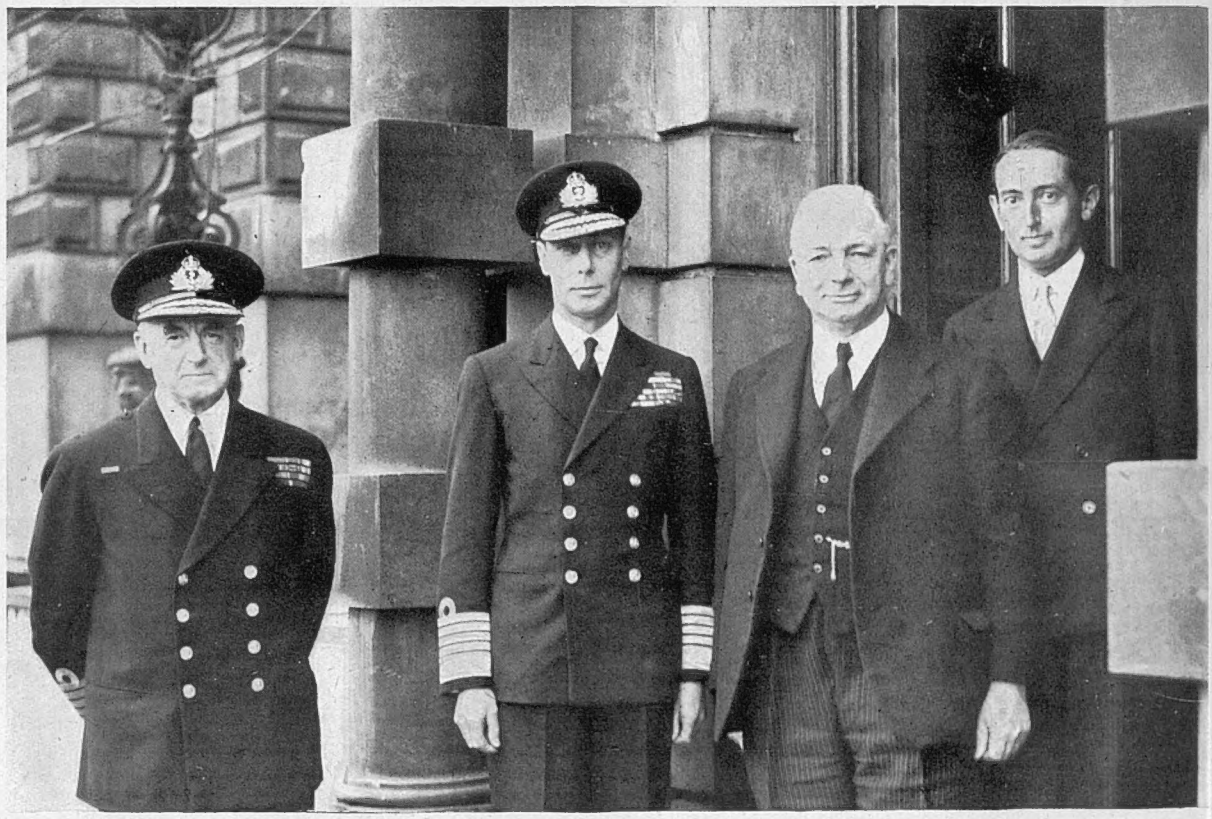
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 161

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Attrition.—One prophecy of the pundits has come true. The last weeks before the Russian winter sets in were to be weeks of crisis and of bitter intensity beyond anything the world has ever experienced. It is so. The bulk of the nation finds itself obsessed to the exclusion of every other thought with half-a-dozen battle-fronts on which is raging war in forms more intense, more ruthless, more destructive and more obscure than anything in human experience. In no previous war was the moral issue so clear and the material issues so befogged. To my mind, it boils down to this: if a man of imagination is to keep his sanity, he must view this world war solely as a slogging match, a war of attrition. To weigh the strategy of this campaign or that is futile. Anticipated results are constantly contradicted. Progress, here or there, cannot be measured. And never is there up-to-date information available on which to appreciate progress made. Millions of men are fighting and dying for a heap of rubble which was Stalingrad. Thousands of bombs are raining down on Western Germany, any one of which is guaranteed to lay low five acres of a city. *But*, new divisions constantly replace those decimated in Stalingrad. Tanks and aeroplanes ceaselessly pour in to make good those destroyed. The German war industries and communications are battered down day and night . . . and the stream of munitions never falters on its way to Stalingrad. What 's the good of it all? It is a natural *cri du cœur*. There is nothing new about a fog of war. Wars are all fought in fog. If we would retain our sanity, our faith, our hope, our courage, there is but one way. Accept this battle of Titans broadly and vaguely for what it is: a battering match conducted in a dark cavern. You batter on, bludgeon on, until at last there is no answering blow. There *is* a limit to human endurance. It does not greatly matter how or where you apply pressure, so long as your grip does not relax. Fury rose high in Britain in 1917 over the senseless slaughter of our men in France and Belgium. Yet I doubt not those "senseless" butcheries, those hecatombs of French and British corpses, led to the sudden and surprising collapse of an almost victorious Germany in August 1918. What is war but "senseless" slaughter, "senseless destruction? What is victory but holding on for a fraction of time longer than your enemy—after a clumsy and primitive duel, as bestial as the science of the day can make it?



THE KING MEETS THE FIRST LORD AND THE FIRST SEA LORD AT THE ADMIRALTY

After receiving Mr. Winston Churchill in audience at Buckingham Palace a few days ago, the King paid a visit to the Admiralty, where he was received by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord. The King had tea with Mr. Alexander and then spent some time in the War Room. This picture was taken at one of the Admiralty entrances—Sir Dudley is on the left, Mr. Alexander on the King's left hand, and (on the extreme right) is Sir Henry Markham, Secretary of the Admiralty

Control of the Mediterranean.

—The armchair strategist has learned the bus-stop where he gets off It is the point where his unspoken ruminations on strategy begin to seep out into spoken or written words. Thought is still free, and it is even legitimate for the amateur to speculate publicly upon what the accepted pundits may be deciding in their own minds to be the essential strategy of the next few months. There are almost as many Second Fronts to toy with as there are accepted and proven strategists. There can be none of the latter to-day who do not accept it that *time* is the essence of the business. I will make my gamble on the thoughts of one statesman and strategist who has seldom proved wrong—General Smuts —and will plump for North Africa as his choice for our Second Front. The pros for this choice outweigh the cons, which can be said of few of the obvious choices. If we could drive Rommel back towards his starting-point, we should solve more of our major difficulties than, I think, any other successfully-achieved Second Front could hope to do. *Time* is the essence, and here is a front already in being, a vast war organisation constantly being built up and enlarged and strengthened. On this front we have the vital experience in the rank and file and fighting commanders, and, as we hope and believe, we now have a higher command purged of the handicaps of *defensive* thinking and made wise by the bitter experience of past failure. We have air superiority, a fleet still strong and infinitely resourceful, a Malta for a few months more equipped for attack and protection. On this front every mile we can advance will relieve our fleet in their countless responsibilities, will separate by so much our Eastern from our Western enemy pincers, will hold up and check by so much the right flank of the Nazi drive to the East and the oil-fields, thus relieving the Russians more than any other expedient could do. Every such advance will increase the embarrassment of Italy, give pause to Vichy and to Spain, give heart to the Fighting French, impress the Turks, relieve the anxieties of half our Empire.

"Come into the Garden, Maud."

—As one who has consistently regarded propaganda as an overrated and clumsily mishandled weapon of war, I find my wonder continually growing at the muddled mentality which continues to direct our official output. I should like much to know the Premier's view of it, and his share in its direction. Lord Vansittart has had a long run. As adviser of kings and statesmen on foreign policy, he was a key man during the vital 'years between" and, since the war, he has won thousands of adherents to his opinions. But, apart from Vansittart, and the growing "measure-for-measure" school in Britain and America, there are the Russians, Czechs, Poles, Yugoslavs, Greeks and what not. These millions have suffered the rapine and murder of countless thousands of Germans of every state or province of Germany. When at last the Germans are penned inside the four walls of Germany, how many Germans will wishfully think that the millions of outraged people outside regard Hitler, and not the German people, as Peter the Painter? Not a dozen. Remembering the just vengeance of Russia, Poland, etc., how many of them will elect to come outside and lay down their arms?—to surrender at discretion? Not five half-wits. They will all fight to the last cartridge, or keep the very last for themselves. One part of the outlay on, and momentum of, our official propaganda is directed towards persuading the German people exactly how unhealthy it will be for them outside. The other half of it is directed towards persuading them to come outside (e.g., Harris's and Sinclair's broadcasts and speeches). It is all very curious, very muddled, and, if I may say so, singularly ineffective. "Come into the garden, Maud; or, better still, don't."

The Wood and the Trees.

—Here 's a curious circumstance which is daily brought home to me: those daily journals which employ the greatest number of war correspondents, students of war and war commentators generally, often seem to do least to dissipate the inevitable fog of war. They contradict each other so completely in a day's issue as worse to confound the confusion. You read: "Miracle of Moscow repeated at Stalingrad." "Germans thrown back to suburbs." "Nazi arc closes relentlessly in." "German advance everywhere held." "Berlin explains delay." "Situation desperate." All these conclusions may be soundly based. All may represent the local opinion or position here or there. But, read as we read them side by side on a single front page of a day's issue, they have a curiously confusing effect on our befogged minds, an effect enhanced by the "signatures" of half a dozen famous correspondents or war experts. Too many cooks spoil the broth. At least, they serve up the consommé more muddy than it needs to be.

How's it done?

—"Bronzed and well, the neighbours are returning home in town and country from the moors and the seaside for the winter. And the schoolchildren have gone back to their boarding-schools, full of their doings in Scotland and Devonshire, on hill and loch, among the coves and the pools." It sounds like the effort of a peacetime columnist, doesn't it? Oddly enough, it is not more inexact than a typical columnist's paragraph written at the end of September 1942. How was it done? We were positively *ordered* to stay put. Nevertheless, the evidence crowds in that it was all my eye, that only nitwits paid any attention to such nonsense. "We had a grand month with all our family in Perthshire." "We found a quite deserted cove in Devonshire and bathed all day long." "The grouse were quite good in our part of Aberdeenshire and there were plenty of beaters." "We found a paradise in North Wales. . . ." And so on. Ruefully, we realise we were the solitary mugs in the neighbourhood, the only fools in the circle. We listened to that insidious propaganda. We allowed ourselves to be weighed down by the difficulties, envisaged and apparent. Yet how was it done? Who "carried on" at home? Who fed the hens, and the rabbits? Tell that to the fool who held the baby at home, while the gay world "went places" by train and car in the good old way of peace. Official guidance . . .? Pooh!

Taste.—In an essay which I contributed to a book called *Essays of the Year* 1931-2, I observe that I made this rash definition of Taste: "Good taste is nothing but the ephemeral opinion of a resolute cabal whose outward confidence cloaks their own, and chokes their neighbours', doubts." No doubt I should not have the temerity to say that now. And yet . . .? Here 's a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph*, September 17, 1942: "Burne-Jones's huge canvas, 'Love and the Pilgrim,' which realised 5,500 guineas in 1898, was sold for 20 guineas at Christie's yesterday. I recall well the scene forty-four years ago when Sir William Agnew exclaimed: 'A mighty plucky bid!' after the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland had beaten all comers at 5,500 guineas. The octogenarian dealer, Mr. Nathan Mitchell, gave only 90 guineas for the world-famous picture of 'Hope,' by G. F. Watts, R.A." "A mighty plucky bid"—to call it by no harder name. There hangs in my large, unfurnished schoolroom a huge canvas by Walter Crane, "Amor vincit omnia." My father saved up £100 to buy it about 1900. I think he got his money's-worth in enjoyment in the next forty years of his life. But we, his children, thought it "a mighty plucky bid" in 1900. It 's not only the pre-Raphaelites whose reputations fall crashing. It 's not alone merit in art which keeps reputations steady. Social and domestic conditions play a big part in shaping the tastes of a generation, and that is why huge canvases are damned by size as much as by demerit to-day. If prices were a test of merit (which they are not), I could conceive that Rembrandt's "Night Watch" has "lost caste" with the *cognoscenti* of this generation and Vermeer's "View of Delft" correspondingly gained it. Anyway, I shall adhere to my definition of taste, bolstering it up by this apotheosis of Burne-Jones and Watts.

THE OLD STAGER

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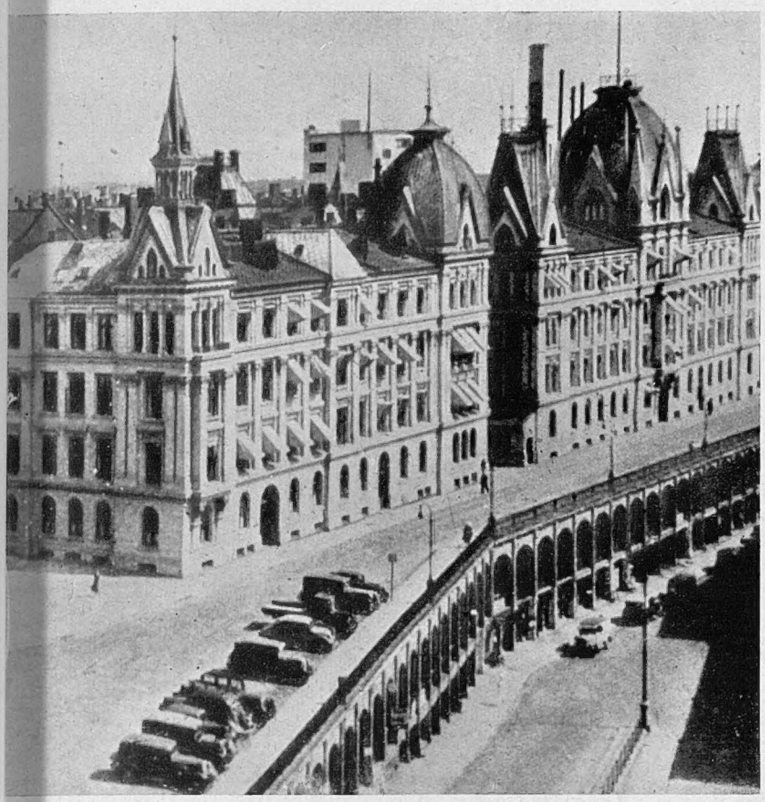
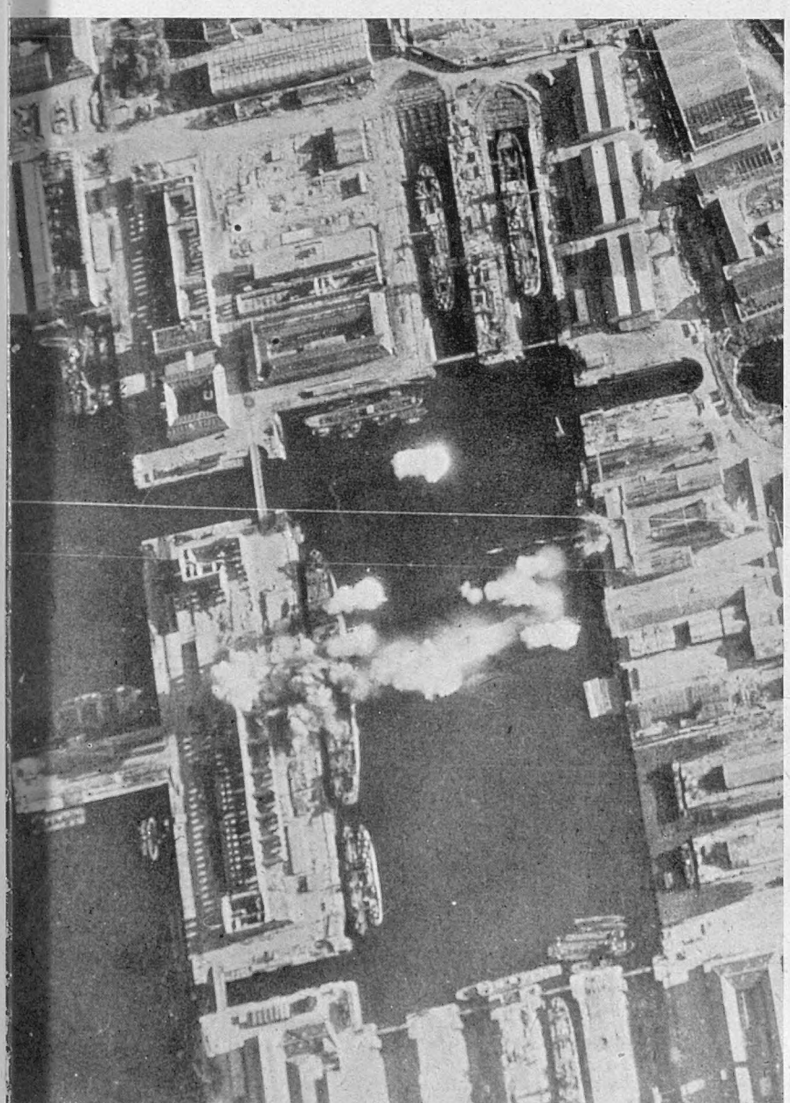
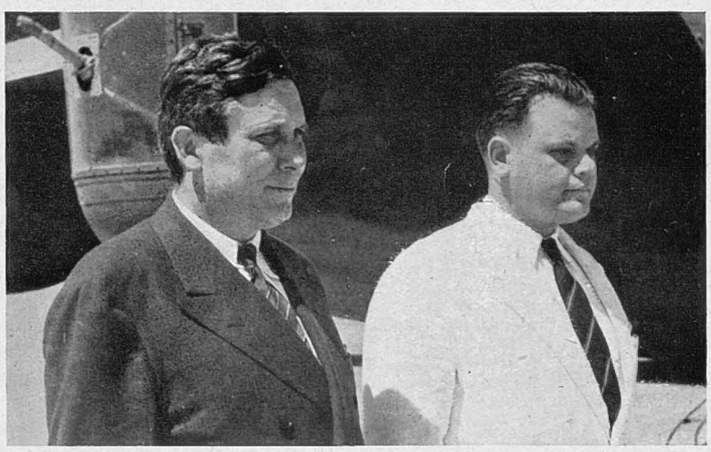


THE GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN OSLO, bombed by Britain's new Mosquito aircraft : The new and secret light bombers of the R.A.F. made their attack in daylight—flying in brilliant sunshine and at roof-top level. The raid was carried out at a moment when Quisling (the first and original) and his followers were celebrating the anniversary of their assumption of power in Norway. The resultant confusion upset the whole plans for the rally! Four Mosquitoes took part in the raid, and three returned safely from their daring sortie

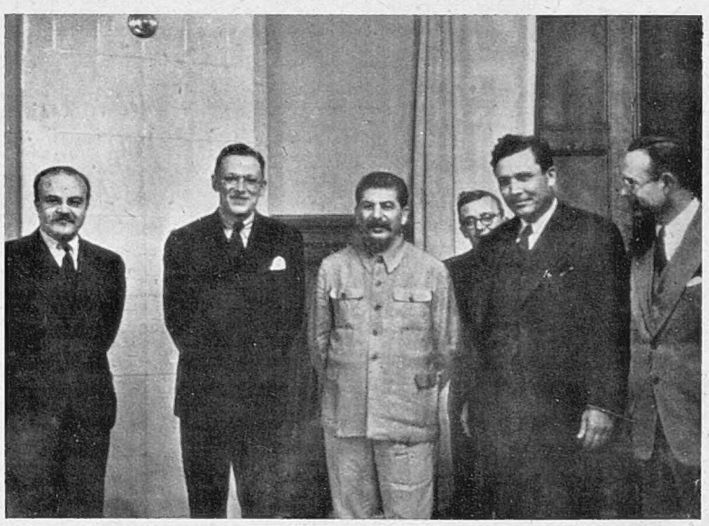
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL TARGETS OF BRITISH AND ALLIED BOMBERS in the Middle East : Aircraft of the Allied Forces in the Western Desert have been keeping up their attacks on enemy supply lines, harbour, and concentrations almost continuously by day and by night. Photographs just received give an indication of the nature of this work : the above was taken by the light of a flash bomb dropped over Tobruk. This is now an important link in Rommel's supply lines, and it has taken the place of Benghazi as the most bombed target in the whole Middle East



DAYLIGHT ATTACK ON CHERBOURG by Bostons of Bomber Command : In the daylight attack on Cherbourg on September 15, Boston bombers, escorted by fighters, attacked a whale-oil ship—the *Solglimt*—in the Bassin Napoleon III., railway sidings and buildings in the dock area. The whale-oil vessel received severe damage, and later she was seen listing to port and partially submerged. The picture above shows how the bombs burst on the *Solglimt*—one amidships, and at least one on the port side forward of the bridge. The adjacent quay was also hit and many bursts can be seen in the Bassin Napoleon III. and on railway sidings and buildings to the south-west of it. The *Solglimt* is a Norwegian ship seized by the Germans. She was built as a floating factory, to sail in Arctic waters, a task for which she was specially equipped



EN ROUTE FROM CAIRO TO MOSCOW, Mr. Wendell Willkie made a brief stay at Baghdad. Here he is seen on arrival at the airport, with the U.S. Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. William S. Farrell



AFTER HIS RECEPTION BY M. STALIN IN MOSCOW : A wireless picture of Mr. Wendell Willkie at the Kremlin, after his two-hour talk with Stalin and Molotov : From left to right are—M. Molotov (Foreign Commissar), Mr. Barnes, M. Stalin, M. V. M. Pavlov, Mr. Willkie and Mr. Coates

RESISTANT EUROPE SPEAKS "OFF THE RECORD"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THEY were two of several daring and courageous men recently arrived in Britain from the Hitler hell abroad, and I met them on successive days over those luncheon-tables which have become eloquent of this war: so light in fare, so earnest in other ingredients. Names and nationalities must be disregarded, because each spoke "off the record," which I hope I interpret correctly as meaning in all save the most exalted cases: "Go ahead. Make use if you like of the gist of what you 've been hearing, but don't attribute it to me or associate it with anything I represent." In the most exalted cases, one is taken into others' confidence as a directive only, and silence is expected.

Now I 'm coming right down to the coffee and pipes. Each of these men thinks we are making a profound mistake—or rather, a grievous, strategical error—over what we call Vansittartism; and each considers the British Commonwealth and the United States are incurring a quite unnecessary added risk to the whole cause by talking as if the war can go on for years and yet they 'll win it.

In neither case did I raise the subject. It "just happened" as my respective companions passed from thought to thought, after paying tributes to what the Anglo-Americans have done, and to the (to them) extraordinary spirit and conditions prevailing in this country to-day. In point of fact, one was saying, "It is a country to dream about!" when he added quickly: "But there are some dreams you make here which I do not understand."

The first dream he didn't understand was Vansittartism. He asked me to tell him what I understood by it. I said that its originator was an extremely able and sincere man who had been right about the Nazis' master-race intentions, and who now feared that the would-be free peoples would let themselves down again, this time for good, if they accepted any nonsense about there being two Germanys, one bad and the other ready to play the game if but given the chance. Lord Vansittart had traced the history of Germany and had found it all black, and there was no remedy or safety except to proceed on that outright basis. If Germans accepted a blackguardly rule from generation to generation, then others threatened and exterminated by it were entitled to say that such rule represented the Germans as a whole and that these must accordingly be held responsible for it.

My companion had nodded his agreement with rising emphasis; then at the end he asked: "And does Lord Vansittart not know that all tormented Europe agrees as one man with him, yet disagrees profoundly with his saying so now with all the weight of his authority?" I said there were many who held that view here too, whereat he shook his head sadly and replied: "But Goebbels doesn't use them."

"Listen!" he went on with insistence. "I have left a Continent which will not stand this suffering indefinitely or even for some of the years I hear mentioned in this country. You are so wonderfully 'escaped' here that I feel you are not able to imagine what is going on just over there. You read and listen to a lot about it and then you put it aside with a confident 'We will change all that.' Yes, but when? That is the whole matter. There is a strict time-limit in this beating out of the New Order. Some parts of Europe will resist longer than others, but important parts will be sucked into Hitlerism against all their heroism if the plague goes on long enough.

"But that is another story—your idea of the length of the war. To return to the two Germanys. We of tormented Europe emphatically want you to do all you can to make as many Germans as possible feel they are in a different camp from Hitler and his gang, and the way to do that is just the reverse of what Lord Vansittart and those with authority who speak like him are doing. We want this war to stop at the earliest conceivable moment which brings our freedom and the end of the nightmare. We feel that every means employed to that end is not only right but plain common sense. To spread a cult, to go on telling Germany that all Germans are utter swine who are going to have their throats slit from ear to ear is playing bang into the Nazis' hands. It can do nothing else but harden the Germans round their present bosses. You offer them no hope, no salvation; so, think they, they may as well fight on until death takes them, or maybe victory or stalemate saves them."

"The difficulty now is to make them believe anything different," I interjected. "They 've been so plied with this one line of thought."

"There you do not follow me fully. As a matter of fact, you know as well as I do that there are a whole lot of Germans who are as tired, terrified and disgusted by Hitlerism as the rest of us. If you told them consistently that you were out to rescue them, too, provided they showed themselves as meriting it, you would quite surely add to unrest of mind within Germany, to doubts of the present Order, and you would create new hopes in a different one. But the thing would have to be done with real brains and, above all, consistency. You would have to suggest truth, and there is no reason why that could not be done, because you would be following the truth.

"But the main thing is the reason we want you to do this: we want you to do it in the hope that it will shorten the war and our sufferings and, above all, that it will enable us to escape giving in to the Germans. That is our dread from an openly-shouted Vansittartism: that it will cause the Germans to dig themselves in round Europe, unassailable by you for long enough to give them the time to lure, haul or terrorise us into their system. One thing I am certain of since arriving here—that you are not sufficiently acquainted with the nearness of the peril in this direction."

That very morning Sir Samuel Hoare had been reported as saying very much the same thing. I mentioned the fact. "Yes, I know," came the retort, "but he has only led your papers to call for greater speed in production and preparation. How we want that, too! But we also want a greater expediency, if I explain myself, in this matter of confronting the Germans *now* with the alternatives that will be attached to their bearing. Perhaps it will have no effect on them. In that case I can at least assure you that it will have an effect on *us*. The Continent is a hell where doubt and criticism of those lucky enough to be outside of it do not dwindle. But we know you have made a move with respect to the Germans, calculated in our view to strengthen the chances of our survival; you will have less doubters and more friends."

My second luncheon guest covered much the same ground, only he was more explicit about the nature of the perils arising from Vansittartism. He said he thought we under-estimated the seduction of Continental youth by the New Order. He related how he had often heard it said by the young that it was evident the Anglo-Americans were simply out to suppress Germany and to install themselves in her place, no matter how long this took and no matter what happened to the peoples of the Continent meanwhile. He added that the Nazis had been feeding this opinion by circulating statements by leading members of the United Nations that the war might go on five, ten or even fifteen years, and that this was having a deplorable effect in some of the enslaved lands. The same matter had been touched upon by my first friend, and I now hazarded that surely these alleged statements were so many lies? But he produced names and dates and facts, and in at least three prominent cases the joltings of memory perforce made me admit their accuracy.

I shall mention but one choice example: the case of a man who has been on the inside of the Allied War Direction, and still is, announcing that the war will last ten years and that the first four will be the worst.

"It is surely lunacy to say such a thing?" invited my escaped friend. "This man has sat with Mr. Churchill and then he speaks of ten years! Has he the faintest conception of what the Continent is like after *three* years? And how does he think it is going to be after seven years more? I will say this—that your papers and your broadcasts make many bloomers, but some of your supposed statesmen make the most terrible mistakes because their announcements are taken as representing a Government view towards the war. It is not only the British and the Dominions: some of the Americans are doing the same. They are giving the impression of leisurely piling up armaments with a view to flattening Hitler in 1950, when, by that time, and long before it, there will be no more Continent either to rescue or worth rescuing! It will have descended to such a state! Believe me, it is not lack of gratitude that makes me speak so. It is just astonishment."

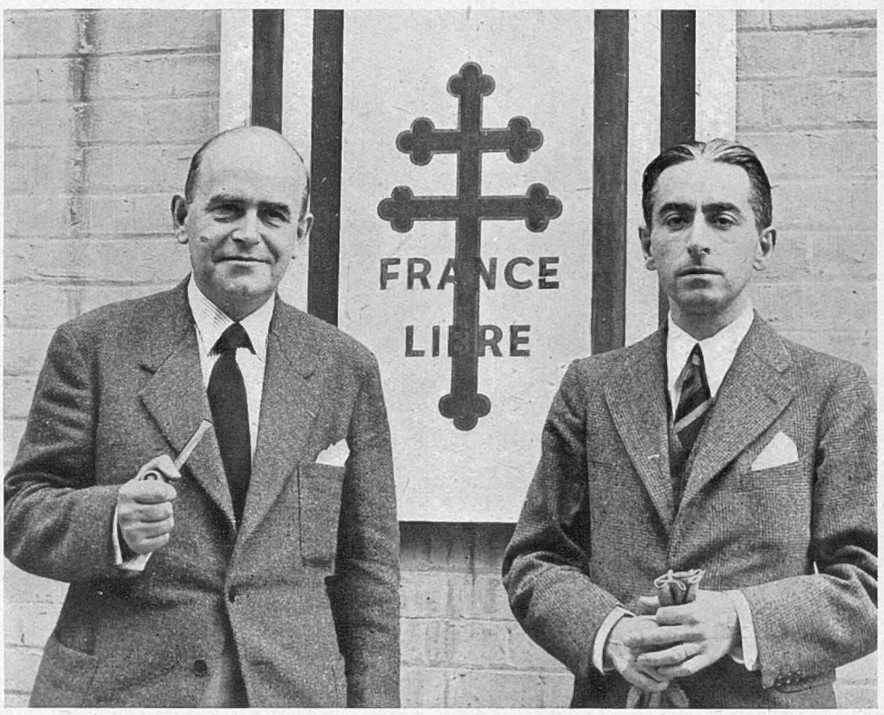
Both my companions agreed that never was hatred of the Germans so high, but they also were at one in believing that never were the Nazis closer to putting themselves over in specific important directions. They are, I was told, gaining upon hunger and grief-ridden captives by harping on invasion now that we have stopped doing so. Now that we have learnt the danger of constantly playing on overwrought nerves in the occupied lands by holding out day-to-day hopes, the Nazis keep the invasion theme uppermost in their victims' minds by insinuating that of course the invaders will be beaten back by Hitler, but not before they bring a dreadful tale of disaster to civilians in the occupied countries . . . so why not cut adrift from such bearers of calamity and help drive them forth the quicker by teaming up with the New Order?

What remedy, I asked, could we have for that? Only to make it once for all clear to the occupied countries that any invasion there may be will be executed with utmost caution and care for the safety of the inhabitants and of their remaining possessions.

One other matter of some moment was raised by what may, I suppose, be rightly enough termed Underground Europe.

The Atlantic Charter has made little headway as a panacea offered in redress of Hitler's poison. Not a large number know much about it and many of those acquainted with the main outline are tempted to view it as an Anglo-Saxon opiate for the moment. Conviction of our singlemindedness is lacking.

The remedy here, I was told, lies in establishing a United Nations organism without delay, a form of temporary new League of Nations with as many signatures as possible, and to incorporate the Charter in this counter-New Order, along with plans for the relief of Europe, for rebuilding health, transport, labour, finance, for policing and safeguarding, social security, etc. If stricken Europe were made aware that a new and puissant international structure was already in being and concentrating on these vital and urgent matters, instead of the pious aspirations which are pretty well all the Continent hears about, and of those but vaguely, there would be further rallying to us in a practical and fortifying manner



MEN WHO WERE POLITICAL RIVALS BEFORE THE WAR IN PARIS BOTH JOIN DE GAULLE: M. Charles Vallin (on left) was a Paris Deputy: he was also Vice-President of the French Social Party, formerly known as the "Croix de Feu." M. Pierre Brossolette was the former foreign editor of the Socialist journal *Le Populaire*. Before the war they were opposed in politics: to-day they are both supporters of General de Gaulle in London. They united in France and escaped together from the Occupied zone

WITH SMOKE RISING FROM BOMB-BURSTS, AND COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF ROOFLESS BUILDINGS, the heart of the city of Stalingrad is here seen from the air for the first time in detail

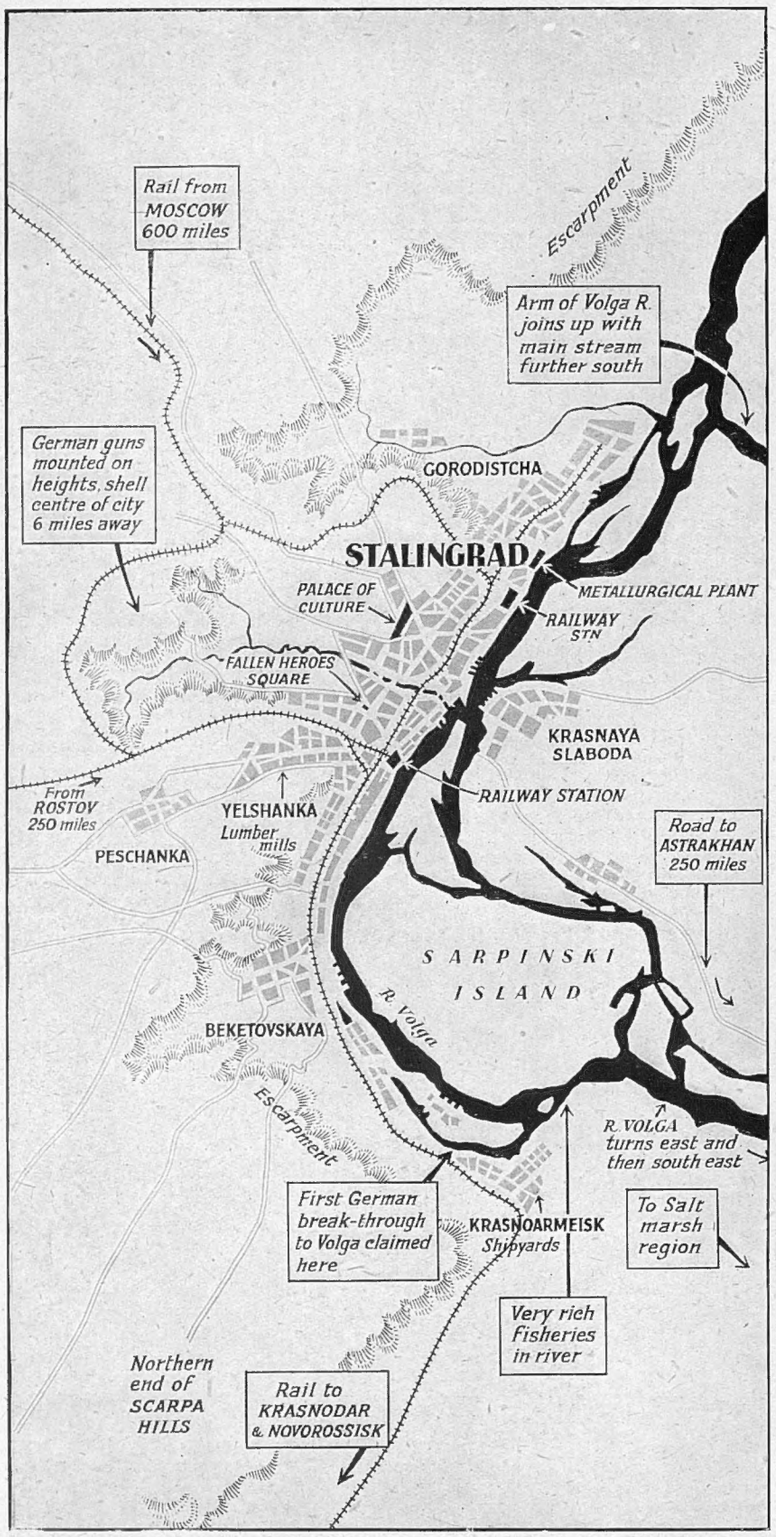
STALINGRAD TO-DAY

A Picture from the Air of the Great City on the Volga Under Bombardment by the German *Luftwaffe*

For the past few weeks the very hub of the World War has been Stalingrad, great City of Steel on the right bank of the Volga, which the Germans thought they would overrun within a few days. Until the outbreak of the present war, little of the actual city was known to the outside world, beyond that it has grown enormously during recent years, and become a vast arsenal for the Red Army. The above picture (which comes from an enemy source) reveals the layout of the central portion of the city. In the background is the mighty Volga, across which all the permanent bridges were destroyed by the Russians. In place of these, in order to bring reinforcements into Stalingrad, the defenders have constructed "invisible bridges," built by Soviet engineers 16 to 20 ins. below the surface of the water. These are the only means of bringing up fresh troops and supplies. In the city itself, whole blocks of buildings are roofless and shell-torn, the result of the incessant pounding by land guns and aircraft bombs: smoke still rises from the bombs of the *Luftwaffe* as they crash on industrial plants and houses alike. It is in these very streets that fighting has now been going on for days—grim hand-to-hand contests, with every house, and every floor of every house, being bitterly defended by the heroic Red Army. (*For further material concerning Stalingrad, see the following page of this issue.*)

An Epic of the War in Russia

THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF THE CITY OF STALINGRAD ON THE RIVER VOLGA



THE CITY OF STALINGRAD, which (with its suburbs) straggles along the right bank of the Volga for a distance of 20 miles. Here are its principal geographical features, and the places at which the heaviest fighting has so far taken place —*A special* Sphere *map*

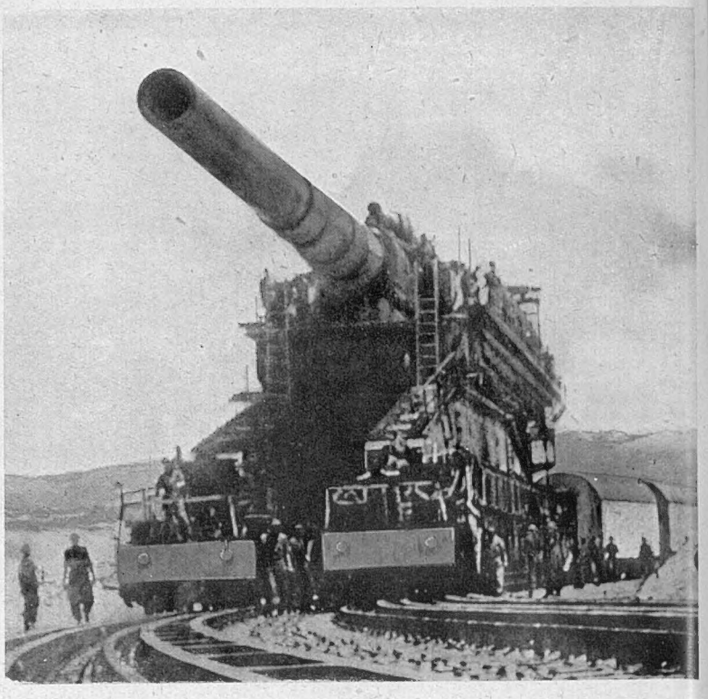
Since Russia's entry into the war in June 1941, the world has learned of the heroism of the Red Army at Leningrad, Moscow, Sebastopol—and now Stalingrad. For weeks the mightiest German armies have been battering at the great industrial centre on the Volga, and for weeks the Red Army has withstood the whole might of the invader's massed divisions.

Day by day the Germans have poured in fresh troops and fresh aircraft: each hillock and ravine and village has been gained only at the expense of thousands of lives on both sides. In this region there are no natural defences: from the Don on the west to the Volga on the east, the plain rises almost imperceptibly till it reaches about 240 ft. above sea-level, when it then falls sharply in a few miles into the Volga. At Stalingrad the river is actually 40 ft. below sea-level; the Caspian, into which it empties, is 85 ft. below sea-level.

There are no forests between Don and Volga, no big hills, and the few "ravines" are merely knee-deep brooks. During the past twenty years the population of the city has gone up from 150,000 to 500,000: it was the home of great tractor plants, and of chemical, leather, oil, machinery, and other industries.

To-day, many of the plants have been stripped of their machines, which, with skilled workers, have been shipped to beyond the Urals. River boats and barges (operated by women) have taken the tractor plant up-river to Kazan for transhipment to Siberia. But other factories were still functioning up till a late moment in producing war supplies for soldiers at the front.

When the history of the war comes to be written—no matter what its ultimate fate may be—the name of Stalingrad will loom large as a monument of endurance and fighting spirit and heroism.



THE COLOSSAL PIECES OF ORDNANCE which the Germans are reported to have brought up for the reduction of the City of Stalingrad. With these super-heavy pieces they intend to turn into dust the building fortresses of the city on the Volga

MEANWHILE THE RED ARMY ARE PREPARING FRESH TROOPS for action just behind the front. Junior lieutenants and lieutenants, selected from among the most capable Red Army officers and N.C.O.s, are here being drilled in the handling of trench-mortars

THIS IS THE 60-TON TANK: It is primarily a mobile gun-carriage, and it is stated to have the pulling power of twenty-four elephants! It should, indeed, prove more than a match for the German Mark IV tank

THIS IS THE IMPROVED GENERAL GRANT — the U.S.-built M4, which is distinguished from its predecessor by its welded construction and by the greatly-improved turret for the 75-calibre gun

The AMERICAN 60-TON TANK

The Problems Met in the Development of this New and Colossal Super-Weapon. Described by

Brigadier-General G. M. Barnes (U.S. Army)

THE armour carried by the tank makes it possible for the vehicle to live on the battlefield. Naturally, the designer would like to equip his tank with armour of such thickness that it would be impossible for any type of projectile to penetrate it. It is always a great disappointment to the layman to learn that the armour of any tank can be penetrated, and perhaps this was one of the factors which held back the universal acceptance of tanks for many years. It is always easy to reason that the tank was a very vulnerable vehicle and that its armour could be penetrated readily when it came up against the proper land guns.

In these arguments against the tank as a fighting vehicle, the principle of employment en masse was too often overlooked. Armour provides protection and cover for the working mechanisms and personnel. It is of interest to note that, according to World War records, 60 per cent. of battle casualties resulted from low-velocity fragments thrown from projectiles. It is therefore obvious that even thin armour providesa great degree of protection. Armour, unfortunately, is the greatest weight-producing factor in a tank and consequently it has hitherto offered the greatest problems in machining and fabrication.

The safety of the tank personnel is dependent not only on the thickness and quality of the tank armour, but also upon the tank speed and the type of terrain over which it is employed. Thus, if a tank can move at a high rate of speed, it will present itself as a target to the enemy for a limited time. The length of time will determine the number of shots the enemy tank gunners can fire, which will determine the number of hits which can be made. Since any armoured vehicle is capable of absorbing a certain number of penetrations before it is put out of action, this time-factor is of great importance. The desire of the tank-designer, therefore, is always to secure the greatest possible speed over all types of terrain.

European tank-designers have not given speed as high a value as we have. This probably has been due to the fact that only engines of relatively lower horse-power have been available. Regardless of the reason, it is a fact that most European tanks, including German, have about one-half the horse-power-to-weight ratio of the corresponding American vehicles. For this reason, it may be expected that American tanks will travel much faster than foreign vehicles and will be more difficult to put out of action.

Prior to August 1940 the American Ordnance Department had not undertaken the design and manufacture of a heavy tank, due to lack of funds; such a project would have consumed too large a proportion of the research moneys then available. In August 1940, however, the Ordnance Department received its large appropriation from Congress, and was therefore able to afford the luxury of designing and manufacturing super-tanks.

A number of difficult engineering problems have arisen in connection with the design of this tank. One such problem has been the development of a suitable transmission which would be able to handle the powerful engine used in the vehicle.

While there are heavy and super-tanks in existence in Europe, there is no vehicle known to exist which would approach the American 60-ton super-tank in regard to power of weapons carried and horse-power of engine used to drive it at high speeds across country. The Ordnance Department has maintained in this vehicle the same high horse-power weight ratio employed in designs of its light and medium tanks, so that the cross-country mobility of the vehicle should in every way duplicate that of the smaller vehicles developed previously.

The two major disadvantages of a super-tank are its high cost and its heavy weight, with the accompanying difficulty of crossing rivers on temporary bridges. The advantages accruing to the heavy tank are its superior gun-power, its heavier armour, which makes it invulnerable to all but the most powerful anti-tank guns, and its great crushing power. In some of the important tank battles of the present war the Germans have used super-tanks, mainly from the Skoda arsenal in Czechoslovakia, as a spearhead of the attack.

The trend of development in tanks at the present time is continuously toward the use of more heavily armoured vehicles. As previously stated, there is a distinct limit to the armour-plate which can be applied to a given design of tank chassis. It becomes necessary, therefore, if the armour is to be increased materially, to design new vehicles with sufficient horse-power which have all parts proportioned to carry the heavy loads imposed by the thicker armour-plate. The super-tank which has just been completed by the Ordnance Department is a forerunner of a new line of heavily armoured tanks, and represents, it is believed, the most powerful tank which has been built in the world up to this time.

THE NEW BRITISH CHURCHILL—all closed down for action—demonstrates its capabilities over rough going. Neither this Heavy Infantry tank, nor the M4 illustrated above, approximates in weight to the big 60-ton monster discussed by General Barnes in the accompanying article

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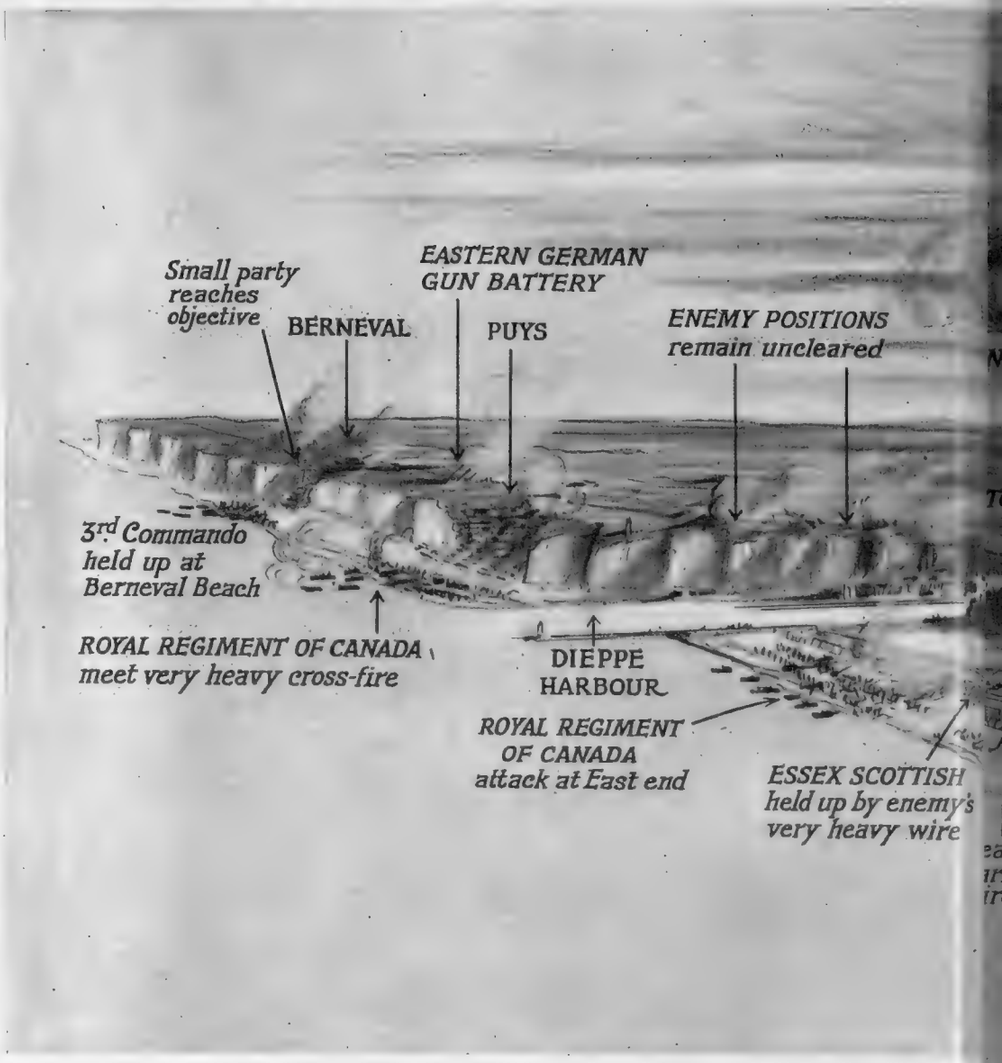
WHERE the CANADIANS FOUGHT at DIEPPE

The Regiments Which Took Part and the Points at Which They Landed

—A special drawing which gives the full details for the first time



Details of the Dieppe Raid are now to hand: they have been given in a long report by Colonel J. L. Ralston, the Canadian Minister of National Defence. It will be remembered that the landing forces were preponderantly Canadian—to the extent of five-sixths of the total, the Prime Minister has stated. The men were drawn from two Brigades of the 2nd Canadian Division (who had been in the United Kingdom since 1940 without having had active employment); and they were augmented by the 3rd, 4th and Royal Marine "A" Commandos, as well as U.S. Rangers and Fighting French troops.

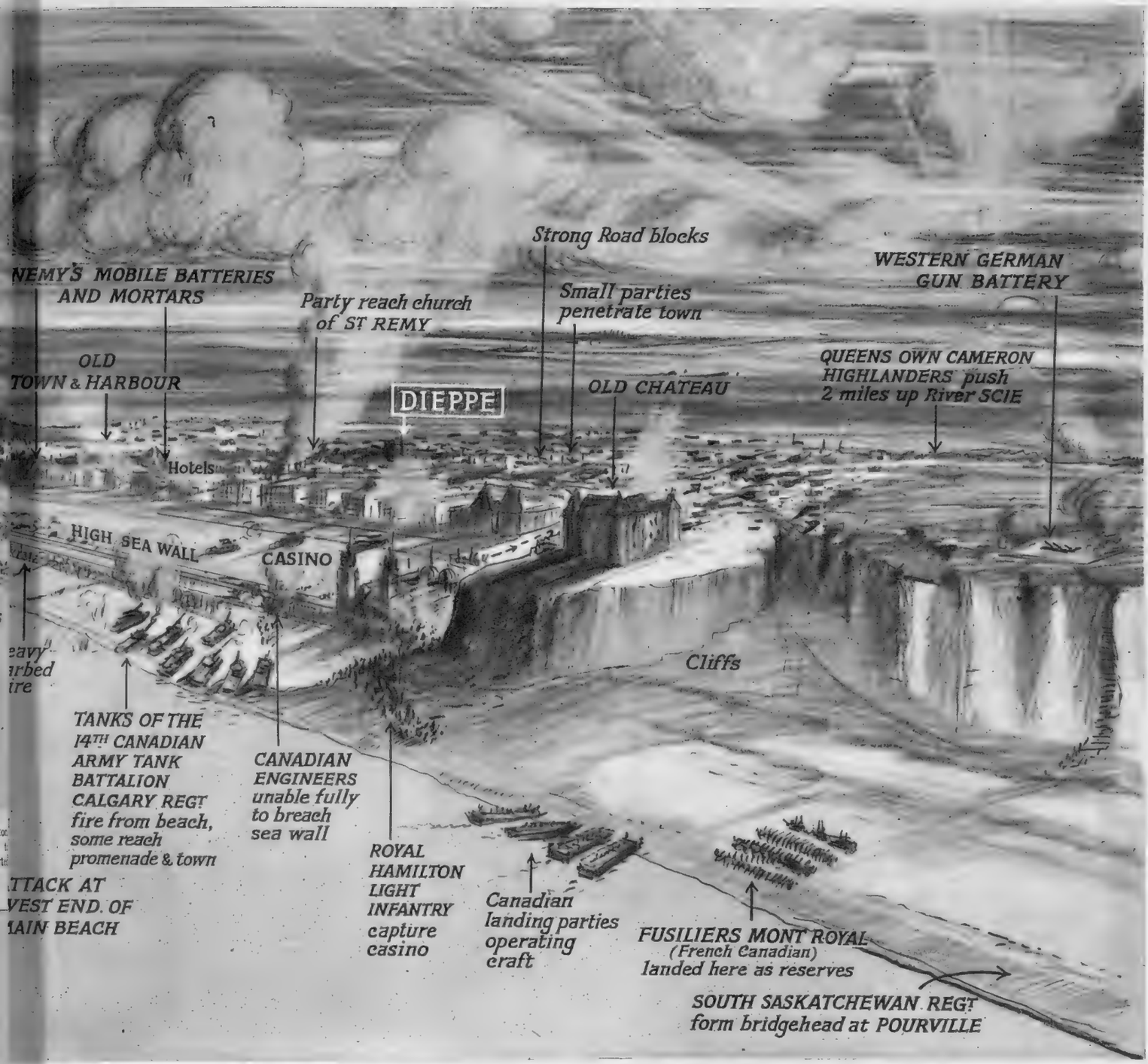
The town of Dieppe lies at the mouth of the River D'Arques: east of the latter and of the harbour is a lofty headland overlooking the town, and a similar headland lies immediately to the west. On a great part of the coast in this vicinity cliffs make a landing from the sea virtually impossible, but there are areas of low ground providing avenues to the interior in the vicinity of Puys, a little more than a mile to the east of the river, and Pourville, situated at the mouth of the River Scie, about a mile and a half west of the town. The beach immediately in front of Dieppe itself is suitable for landing operations, but the approach to the town is obstructed by a sea-wall, which the Germans had turned into a more formidable obstacle by the use of heavy barbed wire, while the beach is also commanded by the headlands on either side.

As is now known, No. 3 Commando was held up at Berneval Beach, at the extreme east. In the same way—owing to the chance encounter with a German convoy—the attack against the beach at Puys by the Royal Regiment of Canada was delayed until daylight: in consequence the Canadians came under very heavy cross-fire, suffering extremely heavy casualties, and only a temporary lodgment was obtained. At Pourville, on the other flank, a much greater degree of surprise was effected by the South Saskatchewan Regiment, and a bridgehead was effected: through this bridgehead passed the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, who penetrated about two miles inland on the west side of the River Scie.

On the beaches fronting Dieppe itself the attack was delivered on the right by the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, and on the left by the Essex Scottish. These units were closely followed by the first wave of Churchill tanks of the 14th Canadian Army Tank Battalion (Calgary Regiment): some of these immediately reached the boulevard in front of the town and penetrated further; others did not get off the beach. Later, the Fusiliers Mont Royal were ordered to land to the west of the Royal Hamiltons and to establish themselves on the beach and on the edge of the town of Dieppe. And a little later the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry actually captured and held the heavily-fortified Casino before the operations came to an end. In all, the casualties were as follows: Killed, 170; wounded, 633; missing, 2,547. Total—3,350. "For the lessons learned and the advantages gained, the forces engaged, and particularly the land forces, paid a very heavy price," said Colonel Ralston. "At Dieppe the losses suffered were probably due in part to the misfortune of the chance encounter with the escorted German tanker. . . ."

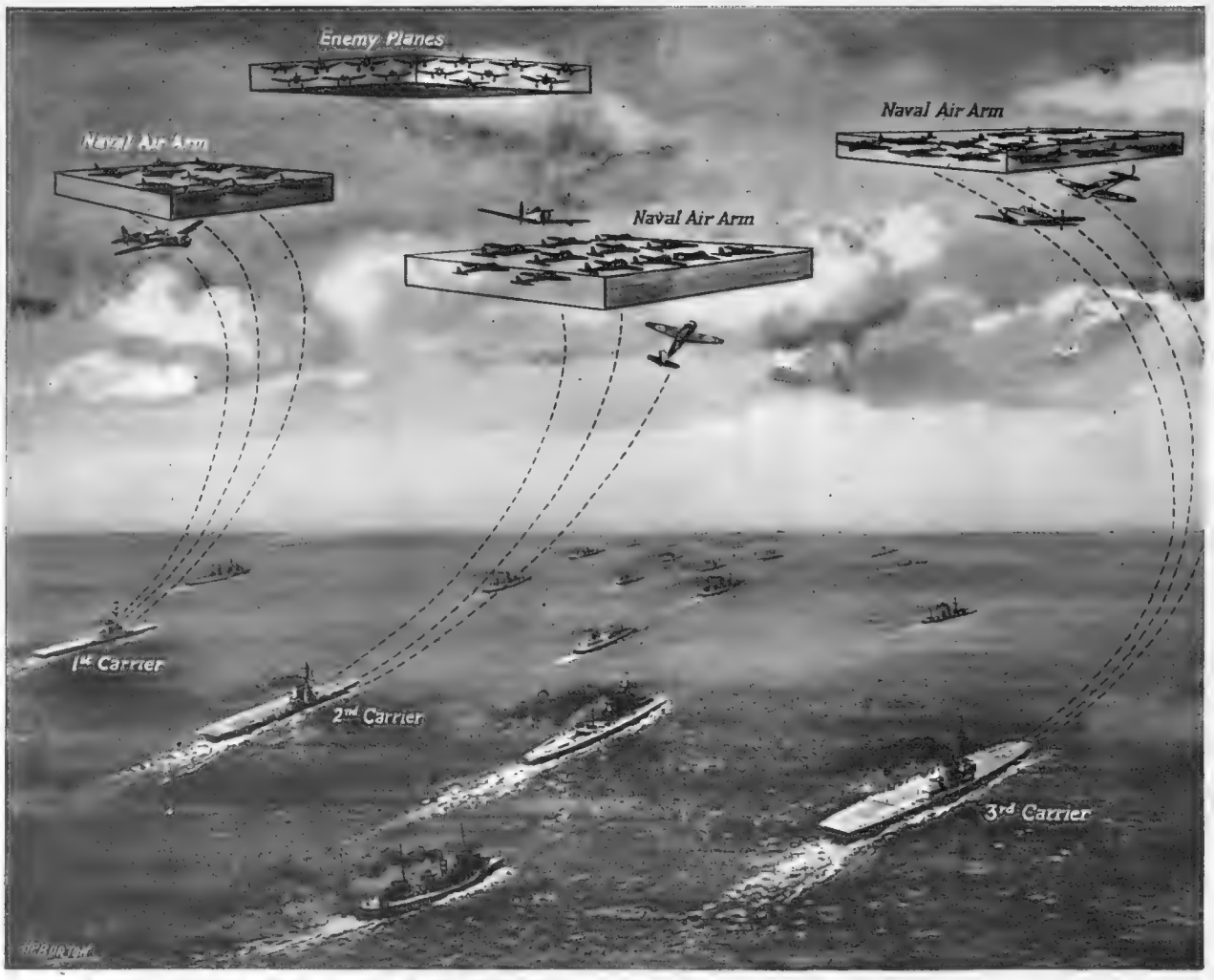
THE SCENE ON THE BEACH AT DIEPPE AFTER THE CANADIAN WITHDRAWAL: A number of tanks which had done very valuable service were abandoned. The Germans have taken pictures of them from all angles, and have been trying to make great capital out of them throughout neutral countries

It was expected that there would be casualties amongst our tank forces. These were operated by the 14th Canadian Army Tank Battalion (Calgary Regiment), and landed right in front of the main defences of the town, where they came under heavy and direct fire; nevertheless, some of them were able to get on the boulevard and into the town. Those which were knocked out on the beach, or which were unable fully to breach the sea-wall, nevertheless were able to lend valuable assistance by continuing to fire their guns and by engaging the German batteries which were firing on to the beaches and on to the craft off-shore. When the time came to leave Dieppe, after the town had been held nearly all day, these same tanks were able to form a screen for the landing craft which were taking the infantry off. All the tanks seen here are the new Churchills. Needless to say, the enemy are making the most of the pictures they have taken of the disabled vehicles; but it must be obvious to all that casualties such as these are inevitable when a raid takes on the magnitude of that at Dieppe



THE DIEPPE BEACHES FROM BERNEVAL TO POURVILLE, AND THE CANADIAN REGIMENTS WHICH STORMED THEM DURING THE BIG COMBINED RAID. Many regiments are named in this drawing; the points at which they landed and the penetrations which they made into the town are here indicated. The drawing also indicates how the enemy defences along the coast and inland were arranged.—*Special drawing by Percy Home, which gives the full details for the first time*

THIS IS THE HIGHLY-SPECIALISED "TANK LANDING CRAFT" DEVELOPED FOR SUCH OPERATIONS AS THAT AT DIEPPE: It is capable of transporting tanks, guns, "bull-dozers" and other heavy equipment—as well as men—to the scene of action. It will be noted that the forward part of the vessel can be lowered to form a landing ramp; the bridge (equipped with anti-aircraft guns) is at the very stern



CARRIER-BORNE AIRCRAFT NOW FIGHT IN CO-OPERATION: A new development in air combat at sea, outlined by the Prime Minister in his recent speech to Parliament. The loss of one of the carriers during the passage of the Malta Convoy prevented the whole force from acting together in a manner to nonplus the enemy—*(See notes at right)*

The BATTLE of BISCAY

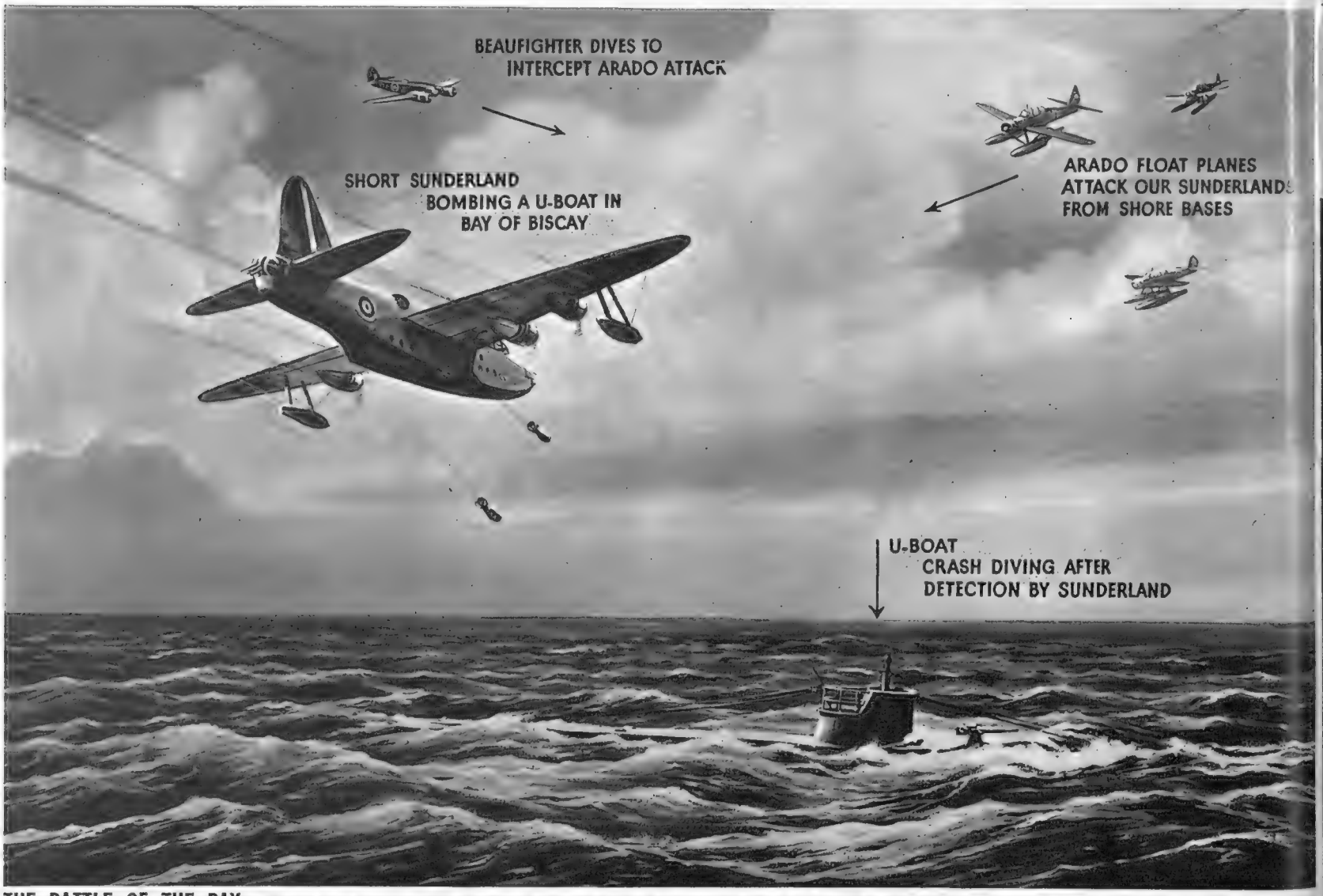
Coastal Command's Warfare on the U-Boats in the Bay

—*Special* Sphere *Drawings and Diagrams*

The diagram-drawing on the left has been prepared with the special object of emphasising one important part of the Prime Minister's recent speech to Parliament, in which he outlined the new method of employing our big aircraft-carriers *in combination* for a special object. Referring to the Malta Convoy, he said that " a powerful Battle Squadron, supported by three aircraft-carriers *trained to work in combination* and by powerful cruiser squadrons and flotillas, was set in motion through the Straits of Gibraltar. . . . Although the loss of the *Eagle* at the outset of the operation affected the combination of the three carriers on which much store was set, and which always seemed to be of the higher importance, yet we must regard the whole episode as a further proof of the value of aircraft-carriers working in combination at sea. . . . "

Mr. Churchill pointed out that, in this action of the Malta Convoy, the most remarkable feature was undoubtedly the defeat by gunfire and by the aircraft of the carriers of the enemy's shore-based aircraft. Fifty-six Axis aircraft were shot down for certain, and fifteen others were probably destroyed. Of these, thirty-nine were shot down by the carrier-borne aircraft of the Fleet. " And all these losses sustained by these very powerful shore-based squadrons operating from bases in comparatively close proximity were sustained by them without their being able to inflict by air action any appreciable damage upon either the ships of war or the supply ships of the Convoy—a remarkable fact ! "

By putting into the air at one and the same time *three* bodies of aircraft—one from each carrier—the naval force can present a very solid barrier to the enemy's raiding aircraft.



THE BATTLE OF THE BAY: THIS HAS BECOME ONE OF THE CHIEF CENTRES OF THE ATTACK ON THE U-BOATS. The German vessels use the French Biscayan ports as bases, and it is over these waters that our flying-boats have been hunting the submarines. To counter the successes of the Sunderlands, the Germans threw in their Arado float-planes: these shore-based aircraft, however, are now being met by our own long-range Beaufighters—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The search for submarines by the Royal Air Force is unceasing: day in and day out, patrol is kept over the Eastern Atlantic. In a recent month, Coastal Command made thirty attacks in this area. The majority of U-boat sightings now occur in the Bay of Biscay, where the submarines run the gauntlet to and from French coastal waters. For security reasons, it is not possible to give exact figures or details of these attacks; but to-day both sightings and attacks have been intensified. Sunderlands, in particular, have been used in this Battle of the Bay: in response to demands for greater protection from the U-boat commanders, Arado float-planes were thrown into the struggle, and even land-based, short-range Messerschmitt 109's. But we retaliated with Beaufighters, the longest-range fighters in the world, and the hardest hitting; now the Sunderlands can roam above the Bay, and continue to hunt down the deep-sea marauders

THE NEW FACTOR IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE BISCAY SUBMARINES : The Bristol Beaufighter, the world's most formidable long-range fighter, which has entered the struggle by flying out to the protection of our big Sunderland flying-boats over the Bay against the attacks of the German Arado float-planes

Powerfully armed, very fast, and with a long range, the Beaufighter is an ideal weapon for warfare over the Bay of Biscay. It made its appearance soon after the Germans threw in their Arados, and has already scored successes over the enemy's float-planes. The Beaufighter is a two-seat, twin-motor monoplane : it has already been used as a day fighter, night fighter, for ground-strafing, and against enemy shipping. It has a range of 1,500 miles, and a speed of 330 m.p.h. Its armament is of the heaviest—four cannon and six machine-guns. Amongst its equipment are such items as navigation and identification lamps, landing flares, oxygen apparatus, and first-aid outfits : it also carries flying rations, emergency rations, extra water-tanks, a heating system, etc. There is a crew of two—the pilot in the nose, and the observer aft of the wings. The Arado, now hunted over the Bay by the Beaufighter, is also a two-seat aircraft : its range is 670 miles, but its speed falls far short of our twin-engined fighter

WHY THE BAY HAS BECOME THE CENTRE OF ATTACK ON OCEAN-GOING U-BOATS : The German submarines have a "bolt-hole" in the Baltic : from here they creep up the Norwegian coast, and then round Britain by the North Atlantic route, to return to bases along the Occupied Coast, after preying on our shipping in the Bay. From France, too, German aircraft can, and do, fly out to the U-boats' aid, and to the attack of our Coastal Command Sunderlands and Liberators and others

THE DANGERS RUN BY COASTAL COMMAND AIRCRAFT in attacks on the enemy's shipping : This huge hole in the starboard wing of a Hudson was big enough to accommodate pilot (centre) and two of the crew. It was caused by a medium-sized shell which hit the aircraft whilst it was attacking an enemy convoy creeping at night up the Dutch coast with supplies for the Germans on the Russian front. Despite the size of the hole, nobody was wounded, and the pilot flew his aircraft safely back to its base. The engine, luckily, was not touched, and continued to function perfectly ; but the starboard flap was blown out, and the tyre punctured. When the pilot got back to the base, he circled until all the other aircraft had landed, and then came in to a normal landing, though slightly faster than usual. This is the third time this particular Hudson has been shot up whilst attacking shipping : although badly damaged, it has each time landed safely !

A SOLDIER Goes OVERSEAS . .

Some of the men have got the best pitch for looking over the newcomers who are to be their shipmates for the next few weeks. All the Services are represented—even some sailors are passengers on the transport. Fighting France is present, and so is Australia

Sailors willingly lend a hand with the soldiers' baggage as it comes alongside the big vessel

A string of deciphered cables and radio messages from abroad comes into the War Office, and these are then funnelled into their respective departments. Memoranda and "directives" flow back and forth, and at length are mated with the cables in a file. The file goes to one of the daily meetings of Senior Staff Officers and perhaps of the Army Council. There is a brief discussion, and then the Very Important Personage presiding says:

"That's settled, then. A reinforcement draft of 25,000 goes to Shangri-La. So many officers, N.C.O.s and men. So many infantry, artillery, R.E.s, armoured corps. Such-and-such tradesmen, clerks and administrative staff. And they are to arrive by such-and-such a date at the latest."

And with that decision a vast, complicated but highly-efficient and speedily-working machine swings into action. War Office and "Records" between them inform the various Army Commands of the numbers and composition of the drafts each is to provide and by what date. Ships are "booked," mobilisation centres allotted where the men can draw their overseas kit and from which they will be drafted to troopship trains and other transport assigned for the purpose.

"Movements," "Q" (for Quartermasters), "Operations," Pay Office and a score of other departments are warned simultaneously of the projected draft overseas

The letter the sergeant is writing won't reach its destination until he is far away. Letters must be held up for some time for security reasons

The gangways are up: The troopship slides away from the quayside. Another boatload is on its way to one of the fighting fronts. As the ship leaves, the men wear their life-jackets in readiness for the imminent life-boat drill, always carried out on a "trooper"

THE UBIQUITOUS CORVETTE, LESS EXPENSIVE TO BUILD THAN THE DESTROYER, is now to be encountered by the enemy wherever he thrusts his U-boats. Some of them have been lease-lent to the United States to aid in counter-measures off the American coast—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The picture reproduced here shows one of these handy, fearless, little fellows dealing with a German submarine. The latter, after having been damaged by depth-charges, has been forced to surface; whereupon the corvette completes the destruction with close-range gunfire. The new corvettes of the Royal Navy are not only much faster than anything of their kind before, but they also mount the most deadly armament ever carried by vessels of their size. They are at the moment being built by the score—here and in Canada

Special Naval Section

The TERROR of the U-BOATS

The New Corvettes of the Royal Navy, Some of Which have been Lease-lent to the U.S.A.

At one time in Naval history, the corvette was a naval vessel of distinction: then for many years it passed from the seas. To-day, it is once again pre-eminent; in fact, its success during the present war is an outstanding factor in naval operations. No sooner did hostilities open than both Canada and Britain began building the type with great speed—for the express purpose of protecting the convoys and beating off the attacks of the U-boats.

The new-type vessels are faster than anything the Royal Navy has ever possessed in this line: their armament (both against submarines and aircraft) is the most deadly ever carried by vessels of their size. In addition to those already in service, many scores more are under construction in shipyards here and in Canada. Something over 500 tons, they carry a complement of from 50 to 60: they are much cheaper to build than destroyers, and require fewer trained men as crew.

British and Canadian corvettes are now helping American convoys along the East Coast of the United States—a sort of "Lease-Lend" in reverse

AN EVER-RECURRING FEATURE OF THE BRITISH CONVOYS—The "slow-coach," or laggard, of the fleet which fails to keep pace with the rest—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

There is always one vessel which is more trouble than all the rest put together. Sometimes a ship cannot quite make the pace, although when joining the Convoy she claimed to be capable of doing the required number of knots. So she can—in a flat calm! But when it starts to blow, and she has to go up and down the heavy swell, it is another matter. In coastal convoys the difficulty is soon overcome: the "slow-coach" is hailed by an escorting destroyer or corvette (as above) and ordered into the nearest port to await a slow convoy. But for ocean-going convoys there is no such simple solution. Day and night the escorting warships have to keep watch over their charges, taking an almost personal interest in their well-being. At the outbreak of war it was the destroyers which kept guard over the merchantmen; to-day many of their tasks are performed by the handy corvettes—which can sail on "wet grass," as an American has put it

Below—**THE BARRAGE BALLOON'S LITTLE SISTER, the Navy Kite:** The smaller balloons which make dive-bombing and mast-high swoops a perilous business for the enemy when attacking our convoys. They have averted more than 250 attacks, and their cables have brought down a number of aircraft. These "kites" are filled with gas through an opening in the stern

The GREAT RAID on TOBRUK

When the Royal Navy, Royal Marines and Commandos Attacked the Port and Harbour

—Special Sphere *Drawings and Diagram*

The aim of the Allies in their big raid on Tobruk on September 13, was to capture the town and harbour from its German-Italian garrison, to smash up as much as possible, and then to hand it back in such a condition that it would be useless during the coming vital battles in Egypt. And the Allies very nearly succeeded in this audacious plan!

To open the attack, the R.A.F. bombarded the town and its defences fiercely; before the naval vessels joined in, a force of Royal Marines had landed unobserved and destroyed gun-batteries; they were followed by other units, who blew up petrol and ammunition dumps, and put more guns out of action. Then, after the bombers had left (they attacked for six hours, according to the Italians), the Commandos landed. Each man was a walking arsenal: they carried tommy-guns, Bren guns, machine-guns, rifles, grenades, sticky bombs, and gun-cotton; each man responsible for demolition had 20 lb. of gun-cotton as well.

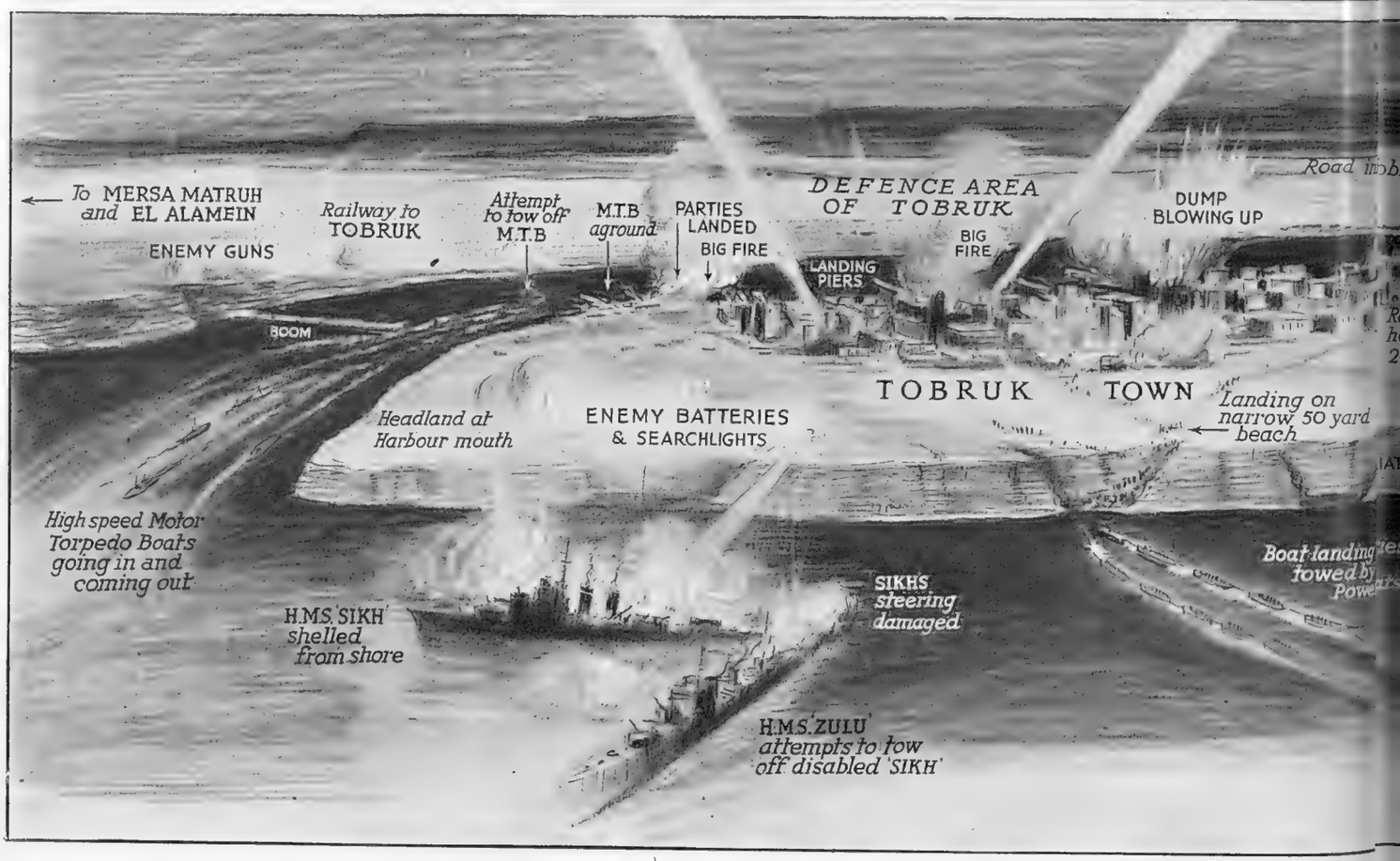
The troops were landed in boats towed by motor-launches; at the same time, M.T.B.s were dashing into, and out of, the harbour to the east of Tobruk, whilst a party of very gallant Marines were landed to the west. These latter never came back, but it is known that they fought on—alone—for twenty-four hours.

Just after five o'clock in the morning, searchlights from the shore began to flicker, and soon the shore batteries began to fire. H.M.S. *Sikh*, close inshore, replied, and a few seconds later, her sister ship, *Zulu*, also began pumping shells into Tobruk. At 5.30, *Sikh* reported that her steering had gone, and one of her engine-rooms was out of action. She tried to steam out of range of the shore batteries at 10 knots, but soon the enemy had her range. H.M.S. *Zulu* attempted to tow her off, but, by a million-to-one chance, a shell cut clean through the steel towing cable; at 6.50, *Zulu* was ordered away.

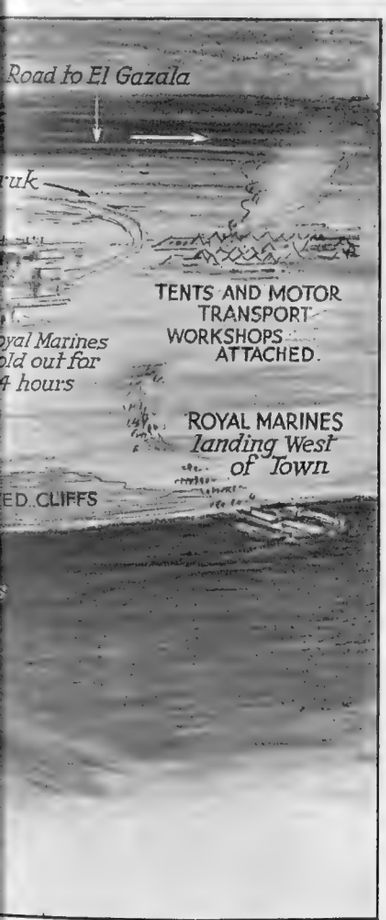
On the way back to Alexandria, *Zulu* was attacked altogether by some seventy dive-bombers. In their final attack, seven aircraft attacked one after another, until one bomb at last found its target; most of the ship's company were transferred to another vessel which had joined *Zulu*, and the destroyer was sunk later, after she had been taken in tow by a third vessel.

***Below*—A COMPLETE PICTURE OF THE OPERATIONS, showing in detail how the landings were made and the results achieved in town and harbour**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The landings were made in boats towed by motor-launches; and at a point where there is a narrow, 50-yard beach. Further to the west, a party of Royal Marines went ashore, to the attack of the encampment, tents and motor-workshops there; these men did not return—they fought it out to the bitter end. To the east, inside the harbour, high-speed M.T.B.s went about their business, with results as indicated in the drawing. Fires and explosions occurred everywhere; dumps and installations were attacked; and havoc was wrought under cover of the darkness at a score of points. Unfortunately, H.M.S. *Sikh* was disabled, and H.M.S. *Zulu* attempted to tow her, being ordered off later; both these destroyers became casualties.



THE GALLANTRY OF THE TWO DESTROYERS "SIKH" AND "ZULU" AT TOBRUK—Fighting to the very end, H.M.S. "Sikh" was in a dire position in front of the shore batteries: she was lit up by enemy searchlights, and nearly every shell was hitting her as she lay immobilised. Her sister ship "Zulu" attempted to fix a cable to tow her out of range, but the gallant effort was unsuccessful. Finally, "Zulu" was ordered off, and on the way back to Alexandria she, too, was lost after a series of dive-bombing attacks by German aircraft—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



HOW THE LANDINGS AT TOBRUK WERE EFFECTED—reminiscent of a "cutting out" expedition of Nelson's day. Strings of boats were crammed with men armed to the teeth, and towed by motor-boats: above were great clouds of smoke, reflected by the searchlights, showing that much destruction had already been wrought in Tobruk. As the result of two trivial accidents, however, the entire landing was delayed by an hour and a half—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE BUILDING OF A BATTLESHIP

Its Framework, its Armour and its Guns: How they are Fitted, and their Cost

IT was fitting that Trafalgar should be the greatest naval victory in history, for the last cannon fired that day proclaimed the end of an era—the era of wooden walls. The first armour-clad battleship to clear her decks for action was during the Crimean War, and the Russians were responsible for it. Their secret weapon was a new, high-powered gun which smashed the Turkish wooden ships to matchwood. Britain and France conferred, and the result was the *Warrior*, the first of the ironclads. She cost the nation £376,000, and there was quite a stir in Parliament when the cost was made known. What would those old die-hards of 1861 have said to a battleship that cost £7,500,000?

A few years later, during the American Civil War, two more iron ships appeared on the sea—the *Merrimac*, a wooden frigate converted and armour-plated, belonging to the South, and the *Monitor* on the other side. This latter ship only had the advantage of armour-plating and a revolving iron turret holding two smooth-bore guns. Her appearance, low in the water—and so low she rolled with every sea—is best described in the words of an eye-witness: "Like a tin can on a raft."

The two ships joined battle in what was the first battle of the ironclads. It was a terrific battle, both ships being at close range, but the revolving turret of the *Monitor* proved too much for the *Merrimac*, and after a fight of three hours the latter retreated, after a last unsuccessful attempt to ram her opponent. The battle showed the Governments of the world the enormous powers of resistance of ironclad battleships. Fierce competition ensued, the latest result of which is the *Duke of York*.

In the early days of this century, it took anything from seven to ten years to build a battleship. In 1920 this time had been cut down to five years, and even now the fastest time a battleship can be completed is three years. This explains Beatty's famous remark, "There is no such thing as a modern battleship," for with the onward march of science and invention, she is partly obsolete by the time she is commissioned.

Everyone knows that a battleship is officially launched with military bands, champagne, etc., but not so many know that every battleship is officially laid down. There is certainly not so much ceremony, but there is generally an Important Person present when the keel-plate is laid. The laying of this backbone is the birth of the ship.

The next thing to be done is the building-up of the skeleton. First, wooden templates are made of the framework, showing the position of each joint and rivet. Steel strips hammered and rolled into shape are then bent to the exact shape of the templates.

Almost before they are cool, they are passed on to the riveters. At one time the noise of the riveters was characteristic of a shipyard and sounded like the accompaniment to Dante's *Inferno*. Since 1927, however, riveting has gradually given place to welding. H.M.S. *Seagull* had the honour of being the first welded ship to be launched.

It takes many weeks to fit the steel framework to the keel and to hoist the giant beam girders into place, for don't forget a modern battleship is 700 ft. long. An aerial view of the ship at this stage would look like the resurrected skeleton of some huge sea monster.

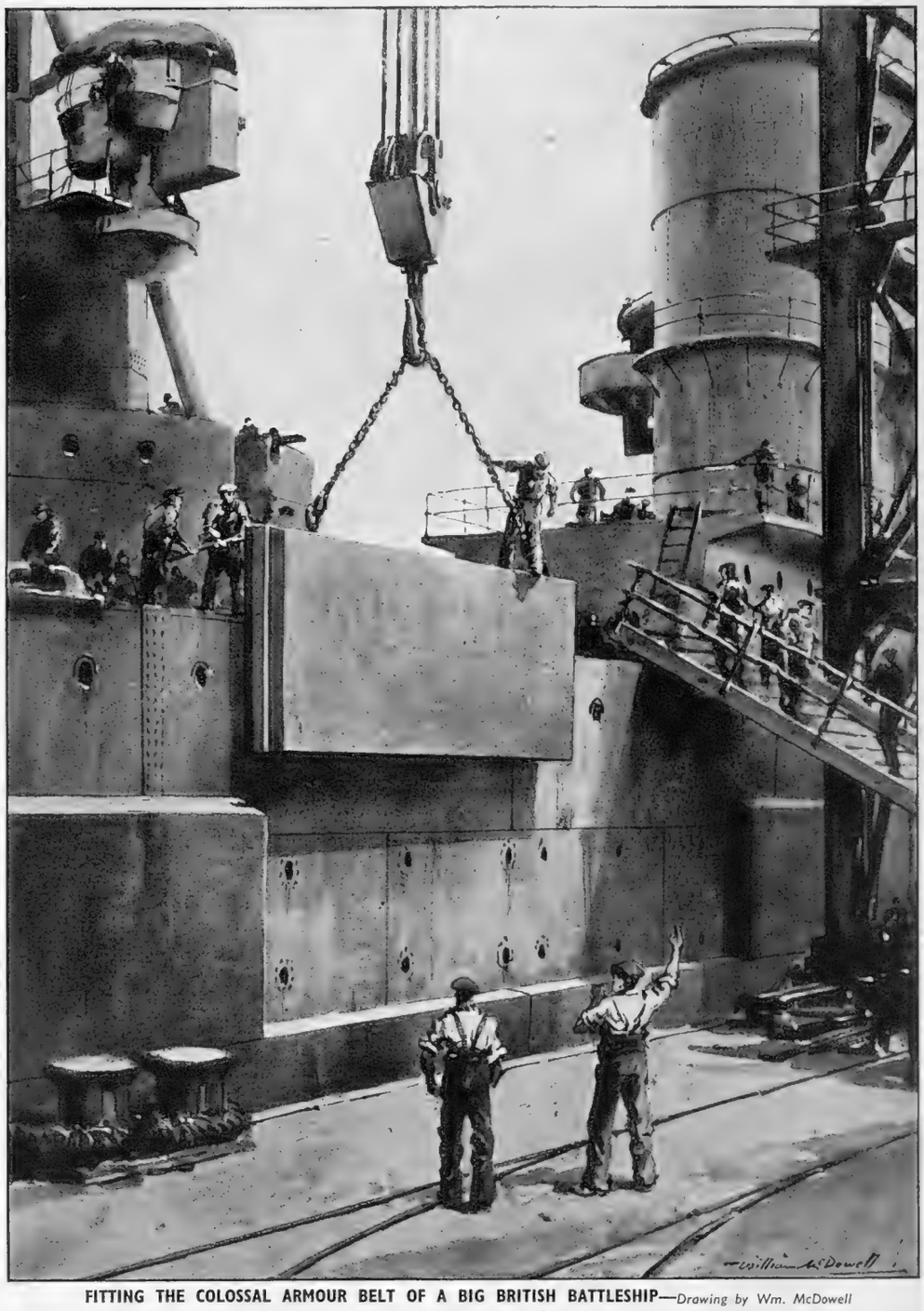
The next operation is the fitting of watertight compartments, required to give the ship her buoyancy. These are known as the bulkheads. This is another operation that takes weeks and sometimes months to complete. As the ship gradually begins to take form, the numbers of workers increase to a tremendous extent. Almost every trade has some job to do.

There is still plenty of wood in a battleship, so the carpenters are well to the fore. At this stage their work is mainly to provide support for the steel plating. The wood usually used for this purpose is teak, because of its hardness and durability. Slowly the first deck covering appears, the bulkheads are tested, and, when proved to be watertight—an extremely important point—the battleship is launched.

She goes down to the water stern-first and is met by dozens of tugs, their sirens and hooters shrieking a welcome. Although it seems an easy matter for a fashionable lady to break a bottle of champagne on the ship's side and pull a lever that starts the movement to the water, a great deal of extremely important work is put in beforehand.

The supports are carefully knocked away. This is the job of an expert, for if the wrong support is removed or too many taken away, the result may easily be tragedy.

George IV, when he was the Prince Regent, had the brainwave of a lady of title christening the ship with champagne, and in those days the lady just threw the bottle at the ship. Unfortunately, on one occasion the lady's aim was more feminine than true, and one of the spectators was christened instead! The Admiralty had to pay handsome damages, and it was then laid down that the bottle be fastened to the ship by a silken cord.



FITTING THE COLOSSAL ARMOUR BELT OF A BIG BRITISH BATTLESHIP—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In this drawing the artist has depicted how one of the last slabs of armour is carefully lowered into place—an operation which requires the greatest skill and judgment. The foreman "slinger" in the foreground directs the crane-driver with gesture and whistle. In the hull are seen the holes for the great bolts which hold the slab, weighing perhaps ten tons, in position. The final slab, completing the whole belt, is known as the "closer"; it is specially machined to ensure a close fit. It will thus be seen that the armour belt is *not*, as the layman might suppose, part of the actual hull: it is bolted on the side of the ship, the framework of which has to take the great weight. The belt is made up of slabs, accurately machined and dovetailed into one another, and the making and fitting of these slabs call for the greatest and most precise care. The armour is of a special nickel steel, with a hardened or "cemented" face, and is of enormous resisting power. The whole belt protects the parts of the ship in the vicinity of the waterline from damage in action, for it is on these parts that the stability and buoyancy of the ship depend. The belt varies in thickness and depth according to the size and displacement, ranging from two to three inches in thickness on a 6-in. gun cruiser to some sixteen inches on a capital ship. Some of the latter may carry a total weight of armour of 14,000 tons

The ship's first voyage ends at the fitting basin, and it is here that her resemblance to a battleship gradually grows. Here extra armour-plate is added, making the sides of the ship 14 ins. thick. Steel decks are fitted, and then turrets, varying from 9 ins. to 16 ins. thick, are lowered into place. These turrets revolve and hold either two or four guns.

The guns are arranged in such a manner that they can fire a broadside from the same level or they can be raised to fire over each other. Their distance of effective fire is 15 miles.

The ship now sails out of the basin, where she has lain for probably a year, flying the blue-and-white flag which signifies that she is on her trials. When her speed trials have finished, statistics are compiled showing her minimum and maximum speeds, her fuel consumption at various speeds and the shortest time in which she can pull up dead. Between sixteen and eighteen tons of fuel are consumed by a modern battleship at full speed every hour, which gives some idea of the enormous stocks of fuel a battleship must carry in wartime.

Then follow gun trials, which are very important, for it is only at this stage that the strength of the ship can be tested. Frequently a ship has to be overhauled and strengthened after the strain of gun trials. If she cannot stand the strain, or if there is a weakness anywhere, she would be a liability during her first engagement with the enemy.

She is now ready for the final stage of commissioning. She has cost a pretty penny up to this stage, for her engines and boilers are valued at £500,000, her 12-in. guns at £12,000, and her searchlights at £20,000 each. Her complement of men will exceed 1,000, and supplies of food, drink, tobacco, medical stores, clothes and equipment have to be stored. While these are being checked the men are coming aboard. When everything is ready, the White Ensign appears on the Ensign staff, and this is the signal for the final operation. The captain, in full uniform, leaves the ship to visit the Commander-in-Chief of the port, who gives his permission to proceed.

We have travelled a long way since Trafalgar. The complement of the *Victory* was 850 of all ranks. The most modern battleship has a complement of 1,200. The *Warrior* cost £376,000, while to-day the cost of a battleship is twenty times as much.

In the closing years of the last century, the Royal Sovereign class of battleship was 380 ft. long—only half the length of a battleship to-day—and her displacement was a mere 14,150 tons against a displacement to-day of 35,000 tons. A battleship to-day has a speed of 30 knots, which is almost double the speed of the battleships of fifty years ago.

In spite of these changes, the spirit of the Navy has not changed one whit. The spirit of Nelson's "England expects . . ." is just the same as the spirit of Warburton Lee's signal while his ship was sinking—"Continue to engage the enemy."

Sam Bate

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL CAPES IN THE WORLD—Cape Berkeley, in the Galapagos group situated right on the Equator and now taken over by the United States. In the distance is Narborough Island, and in the foreground a Minneapolis class heavy cruiser of 9,950 tons

The NEW U.S. BASES in the PACIFIC

American Troops in Occupation of the Galapagos Islands

—Two Special Drawings by Montague Dawson (from personal experience)

A few days ago it was officially disclosed that U.S. troops, with the consent of the Ecuadorean Government, had occupied bases in the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific. This group lies on the Equator, 650 miles west of the South American mainland and about 900 miles south-west of the Panama Canal. The islands are not as hot as might be expected: they are cooled by the Humboldt Current, and mists frequently shroud the tops of the 2,000 volcanic crater cones dotted over the group. Work on the bases has already begun: there are sheltered coves for seaplanes and good anchorages for ships; but the construction of airfields on the rough terrain would be a major engineering job. Cape Berkeley, which is shown above with a U.S. heavy cruiser of the Minneapolis class under its lee, is one of the most unusual capes in the world: it is actually a huge volcanic crater, one side of which has broken away and fallen into the sea (which, by the way, is infested with sharks). It will be noticed that there are many smaller craters inside on the lake. The whole group of islands is smothered with craters. In the distance, in the above drawing, is Narborough, a volcanic mountain which has never yet been climbed: it is surrounded by a crust of lava which gives way immediately foot is set upon it, making it impossible to proceed. The Galapagos are amongst the lonely places of the earth.

"POST OFFICE BAY," ON CHARLES ISLAND IN THE GALAPAGOS. The two vessels in the background are U.S. heavy cruisers standing off the island, whilst a launch comes in to look for a good landing-place. The ships are of the Brooklyn and Minneapolis class

At this spot, there is a small bay with gleaming sands: jutting out into the clear blue sea are black fingers of volcanic lava. On the beach is a barrel mounted on a stout post: it must be one of the most unique pillar-boxes in the world, for into it men from passing whalers (often away from their homes and families for a year or more) would put their letters. Any vessels passing the island would collect them and carry them on. This method had doubtless been used for over a century, and was still in use a few years ago! The islands were used as a retreat for the old-time buccaneers, and it is probable that the picturesque names given to some of them were bestowed by the pirates.

GERMAN FLAME-THROWER and "PHALANX" on the RUSSIAN FRONT

THE "MOST INHUMAN OF WEAPONS" AS USED ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT: German flame-throwers, which have repeatedly played a conspicuous part in the fighting on the Eastern front, especially in the suburban streets in the struggle for Stalingrad.—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

SECRETS OF THE FLAME-THROWER, and How This Fiendish Weapon Has Been Used in Stalingrad Street-Fighting

Because it was one of the most inhuman of weapons—or so the story goes—British G.H.Q. in France during the last war decided not to make large-scale use of the flame-thrower, a device of characteristic German origin that was first used near Verdun. The early flame-thrower, of which the enemy were so proud, was a portable instrument, consisting of a tank tied or strapped to the back of the operator, who held before him a nozzle from which the flame, product of burning oil, was fitfully emitted. Rarely did the flame reach 30 yards, and the capacity of the small tank was limited, while special volunteers were required to handle such an erratic apparatus,.

Yet the weapon had potentialities even then for the discerning. It was, in a way, the father of the armoured fighting vehicle, for the Trench Warfare Department of the Ministry of Munitions, considering theoretically how a thrower could be mounted, worked out in 1915 a scheme for a vehicle on caterpillar tracks. But high policy was still against flame-throwers for general adoption; energies were, wisely, concentrated on the tank proper. Even the Germans seemed to have more pressing demands on their inventive resources—though they did not forget the *flammenwerfer* when dealing with political opponents after the war.

It became a favourite weapon both of the military police force of the Republican Government and of the street gangster groups from which the Nazi Party evolved. What was too "inhuman" for Britons to use in war was by no means a cruel weapon for German to use on German. When the *Reichswehr* began secretly to rearm, the flame-thrower was developed carefully by scientists, both as an adjunct to the armament of tanks and as a defensive weapon for use in fortifications.

In the present Russian campaign the flame-thrower has repeatedly played a conspicuous part, but few people understand how. The fact of the matter seems to be that it has not been employed so much as a lethal weapon of assault as an incendiary device. Thus it has recently helped the Germans in their Stalingrad suburban fighting.

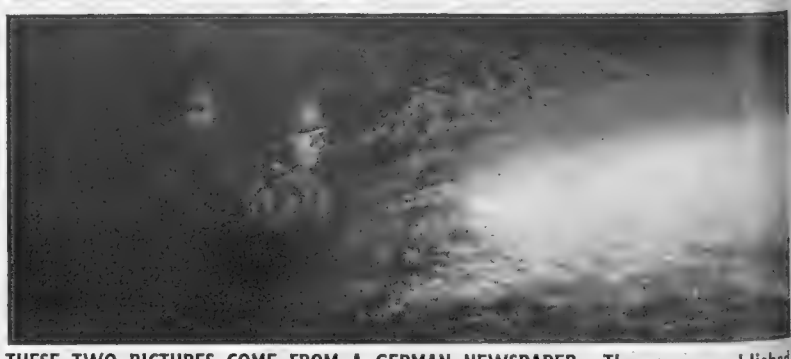
Certain kinds of German tanks have flame-projectors affixed as rear armament. The procedure then is for the machine to travel down the street towards the occupied and fortified houses, and to fire into them with its forward, ordinary armament. Once past the houses, the tank turns on its flame-thrower, which projects a stream of incendiary liquid against the buildings, often setting them on fire at once. Similarly, the fiery "sting in the tail" of these tanks is used with considerable effect against woods in which defenders are sheltering, against fields of inflammable crops, even against batteries.

Generally speaking, the flame consists of ignited paraffin, petrol or heavier oils, and is driven out of the nozzle either by non-inflammable gases kept under pressure or by ordinary compressed air. The oil can be ignited in several ways, the Germans mainly using a firing powder. We formerly experimented with sparking-plugs fired by a magneto for the purpose, and the French used a tubular magazine attached to the nozzle. The trigger is a simple device for opening valves in the gas chamber.

In Russia the German machines have been observed to project a flame up to 150 yards, but the *flammenwerfers* which left a trail of burning villages behind them during the Battle of France seemed incapable of exceeding 90 yards. As for duration of the flame, or capacity of the thrower, it does not exceed five to ten minutes in the case of those attached to ordinary tanks. There is, however, a special German tank which bears a flame-thrower alone, and this has such a considerable storage capacity that it can operate for as long as an hour—not that that is usually necessary. In all cases the machines cannot, in the nature of modern war, dally about and spray fire like water from a fireman's hose; they rarely have the opportunity for more than a short burst, so their capacity is not very important. Oil for renewing the reservoir can be brought along fairly easily in supply vehicles.

But the flame-thrower can still be a two-edged weapon, and the German operators wear clumsy suits of asbestos, like those used by our civilian fire-fighters. This restricts the activity of the few one-man *flammenwerfers* that have been observed on the German side. In the last war foot-soldiers could occasionally do real damage with these weapons, but the present type of fighting gives little chance to infantry with heavy oil-containers strapped to their backs.

D. C.



THESE TWO PICTURES COME FROM A GERMAN NEWSPAPER: They were published in 1941, when the enemy used flame-throwers against the Greek forts and troops. They are now using the same weapons against the Russians. This is what the text accompanying the pictures said: "**Flames that destroy all opposition:** In Malancourt Wood, near Verdun, on February 26th, 1915, the first German flame-throwing attack began. It had a most surprising effect. The enemy, who until then had held their positions with unusual tenacity, scattered in wild disorder over a distance of 600 metres back. The 50-man-strong No. 1 flame-throwing party of the World War, which had proved so useful, soon became a battalion, and later grew to a regiment. The distance that these flame-throwers covered was 25 to 30 metres. The contents of ten litres of oil sufficed for jets for 20 flame-throwing machines. Out of 653 engagements of these flame-throwing regiments in the World War, 82 per cent. were successful. The Great German War Machine has improved the flame-throwers still more, especially where the capture of strongly fortified positions has been planned"

TANK COMBAT HAS BROUGHT BACK THE COMMANDER TO THE ACTUAL FIELD OF BATTLE: The Commander is in the tank on the left, watching the advance of his column. His special pennon flies from the mast of the fighting vehicle which takes him into action—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

A new and picturesque feature of our tanks in action is the array of little flags they carry on high-protruding poles. Their object is, briefly, to identify different tank squadrons, and the necessity of this was probably first pointed out by the infantry. Since the painted names could not be seen at a distance and amid dust and smoke, the pennants on high poles of steel or bamboo became the most popular mark of identification. The pennant itself, a narrow flag, triangular or swallow-tailed, was chosen because of its superior "flying" qualities to a square-shaped flag—and also for the historical reasons.

For generations it had been the military ensign of the famous lancer regiments, carried on the lance for identification purposes again; and many of these regiments, mechanised, had seized the opportunity to carry the tradition on. The system has evolved from a simple beginning to quite a complex code, expressed in different numbers of pennants and in the position of the flags, whether high or low on the poles.

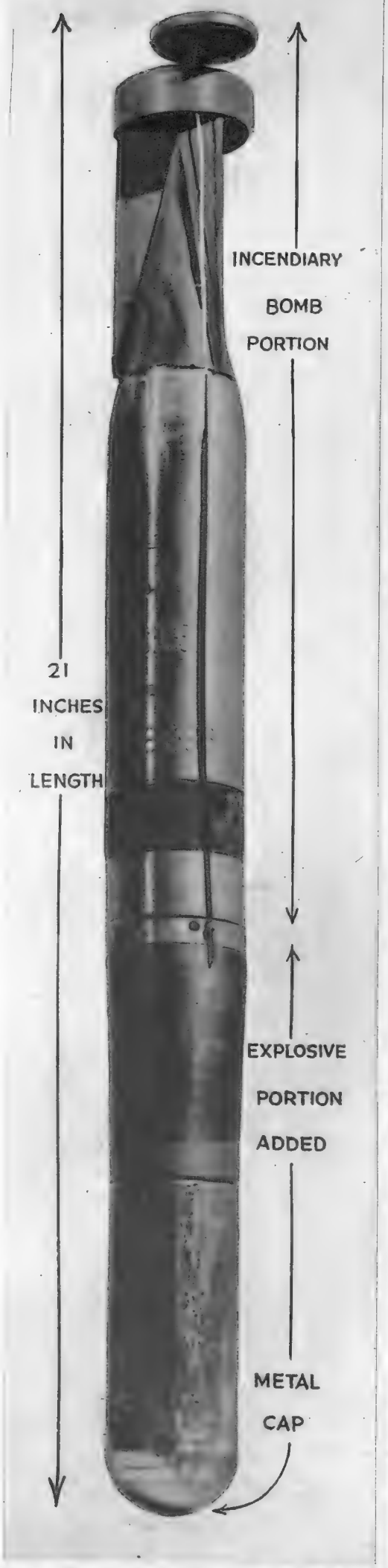
The basic object remains, however, simple identification of tank squadrons, columns and brigades, as well as armoured cars, and should not be confused with the method of flag signalling also employed by the desert ships.

A GERMAN MASSED ATTACK BY INFANTRY WITH LOCKED ARMS IN RUSSIA: An application of the Roman "phalanx" to modern warfare. In this picture the foot-soldiers are advancing in dense masses supported by tanks with their headlights ablaze—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

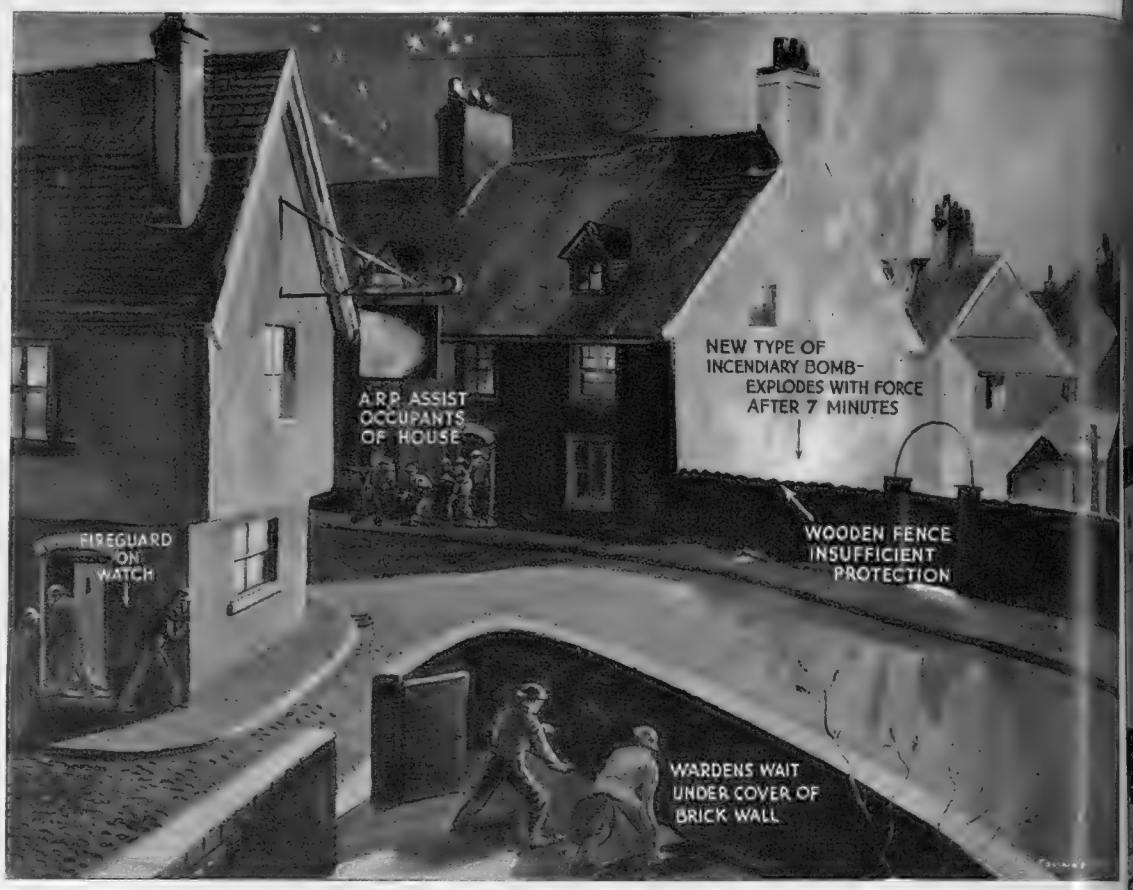
The spectacle of German infantry advancing behind tanks "with locked arms" was, according to a reliable correspondent, frequently seen in the earlier stages of the Stalingrad battle, when Bock had at all costs to achieve permanent breakthroughs. It was described how dive-bombers laid their creeping barrage, behind which a kind of rectangular box of tanks moved forward, open only at the rear. The infantry, mostly tommy-gunners, crouched along in the centre, left arms through the right, crooked arms of comrades where the guns were held, making a solid phalanx whose fire-power was terrific at close quarters, but which did not develop till the protecting tanks and dive-bombers in front had smashed down the Russian machine-gun nests. Scattered Russian infantry were mown down by the solid attackers when the tanks had passed, and the Germans were in firm possession of the ground occupied. Heavy machine-gunners, light artillery and anti-tank batteries were called forward to establish permanent fire-zones; and the tommy-gunners prepared to advance again.

THE NEW GERMAN EXPLOSIVE FIRE-BOM

What it is and how it Might Function in Future Fire-blitzes on Britain



THIS IS WHAT THE LATEST EXPLOSIVE FIRE-BOMB LOOKS LIKE: It is reproduced here exactly half-size: The bomb is in the form of an ordinary 1-kg. incendiary bomb, but with a 3½-oz. charge fitted in an extension on to the nose. The fuse lights the incendiary contents immediately on impact with an object on the ground, and also ignites a slow-match fuse in the nose. The detonation of the explosive charge may be delayed some minutes after the fire-bomb itself has ignited. The overall length of the bomb is about 21 in.—or twice that of our picture—its diameter is about 2 in. The total weight is nearly 5 lb. The wire running down the length of the bomb is to hold the two component parts in position—charge and incendiary—it falls away on impact, allowing the bomb to split up



WAITING FOR ONE OF THE NEW EXPLOSIVE INCENDIARIES TO DETONATE: The new technique under which fi watcher and warden have to wait behind a protective brick wall—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The explosive portion which has been added to the new fire-bombs render necessary a radical alteration in the method of approach. In certain circumstances it is wise to wait for seven minutes until the bomb explodes: in other circumstances—if the fire danger is great—it must be tackled more quickly. In this case, the bomb has fall in a yard: the wooden fencing would not provide sufficient co against the explosion, so warden and fire-watcher have taken shel behind a brick wall until they can go into action

The new explosive fire-bomb now being used by the Germans over this country is a modification of the 1-kg. fire-bomb fitted with a more powerful charge. A picture of this specimen is given in the left column; the drawings on these pages show its effects and how it should be tackled.

If the new incendiaries fall where they can start a fire (says the Ministry of Home Security), they must be attacked resolutely and at once. If they fall where they can do no harm, they can be left to burn themselves out.

In tackling the new-type bombs, fire-fighters must take advantage of any available cover, as the explosive charge is considerable. Brickwork 3 in. thick gives full protection; and a 3-in. breeze wall gives reasonable protection. Lath and plaster walls, wooden doors, or pieces of furniture do *not* give adequate protection.

It is suggested that the bomb should be attacked wi the jet of a stirrup-pump, or water thrown from behi cover: a bomb in a room should be attacked through doorway, from behind a wall or through a window fr the outside. And the fire-fighter should concentrate on t fire rather than the bomb.

When the bomb explodes, or if it has not exploded with seven minutes of its fall, it can then be attacked at close quarte The new type of fire-bomb is heavier and penetrates farth than the old type: all floors should, therefore, be search after an attack by German bombers.

The wire seen in the photograph on the left is 13 in long; it has a small metal disk at its upper end. Th is released and thrown some distance away as soon as th bomb strikes the ground.

THE NEW PHOSPHORUS BOMBS HAVE TO BE APPROACHED WITH GREAT CARE: When this German bomber crashed on the South Coast the phosphorus on board caused injuries to Civil Defence workers. All phosphorus must be kept wet; if dry it burns furiously—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In trying to put out the flames when this Heinkel crashed, eighteen A.R.P. workers were burned; a block of flats and three houses were set on fire; and near-by streets were strewn with ammunition. The Civil Defence workers had to be treated at hospital for burns after they had touched parts of the wrecked plane, which was covered with phosphorus from the fire-bombs which formed part of its cargo

HE NEW INCENDIARY IS HEAVIER THAN THE OLD TYPE, and it will penetrate several floors. If, as in this case, the bomb then explodes on the ground floor its fragments will go through a wooden door—but not through brick walls—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

WHEN LONDON WAS SET ON FIRE during one of the big attacks by the Luftwaffe in the early part of 1941: After attempting to blast the City with high explosives during the air attacks of 1940-1941, the *Luftwaffe* eventually switched over to incendiaries, using a bigger and bigger number of these. It is not unlikely that as much—if not more—damage was caused by fire as by high explosives, until London's fire-fighting forces were organised properly. This picture was taken on the night of April 16-17, 1941, when a particularly heavy fire attack was launched on the City. The building ablaze was not hit by H.E.s, but by incendiaries

H THE NIGHT OF APRIL 16, 1941. The London skyline silhouetted against the glare of the many fires caused by incendiaries during the heavy raid carried out by the Luftwaffe. London's fire-fighting organisations have been strengthened greatly since then

AR BY FIRE IN PLYMOUTH: It will be observed that many of the fires seen here have started from above—obviously the result of incendiary bombs

AFTER THE FIRES HAVE DIED DOWN: A view of the City Temple, in Holborn, which was destroyed in April 1941 after a very heavy fire-raising raid

The RETURN of the HORSE

—Or, Back to the Days of Jane Austen (Owing to the Petrol Shortage and to the Fall of Malaya—Source of our Rubber Supply)

By CHARLES GRAVES

FUEL rationing and the shortage of rubber have brought the horse back to a position as important as it enjoyed in the days of Jane Austen. Farmers are getting out ancient traps and governess-carts which have been stored away for years in odd corners of barns and out-houses, covered with whitewash, used as covers for hens, or by children playing "shop." But besides the ordinary traps, ancient as they are, all kinds of other queer vehicles are being pressed into service, like curricles and goat-carts.

The great advantage of a horse-drawn vehicle is that it does not need to have rubber tyres. On the other hand, there is a tremendous shortage of wheels. If it comes to that, there is also a shortage of harness-horses of all kinds, and of harness. At the Horse Repository at the Elephant and Castle the other day, a six-year-old pedigree hackney fetched 260 guineas. In the Percheron sales at Cambridge a fortnight ago, the average price was anything between 200 and 300 guineas. One Percheron was withdrawn at 600 guineas because the reserve had not been reached.

Good traps now cost anything from £20 to £40, and governess-carts, which could not be given away in 1939, are fetching over £15 apiece.

Members of the Hackney Horse Society had the foresight in 1939 to put the mares to stud. The trouble is that one will have to wait another three or four years before the progeny will be suitable for driving.

Now that it has been announced that there will be no steeplechasing this winter, hundreds of steeplechasers will doubtless be used for farm work.

The firms which were making farm-tractors are now making tanks, with the result that ploughing will once again demand a large number of horses—as spare parts for tractors are so hard to come by. The old harness-makers are working day and night in country places like Twyford. They have never seen such days. Country smithies which had been turned into unprofitable garages are ringing once again with the clink of horseshoes. So far, at least, there is no shortage of these.

Yes, we are getting back to the days of Jane Austen. Family after family in the country has been forced to lay up its car, and is making pilgrimages round the district in the frequently vain hope of picking up some old trap to use for the shopping. Harnesses are fetching fabulous prices. A set which cost £2 in peacetime now costs £10 to £12. With the cessation of the Green Line coaches, the situation is going to become still more acute.

A further trouble is that the feeding supply is officially only available for thoroughbreds or working horses on farms. This is hard on the hackney users, for though there is, of course, a certain amount of oats in the country, there is not enough for everyone. Some hard-pressed owners of carriage-horses are using garden-mowings and even cuttings from their hedgerows to make out.

Some people, too, are being forced to use pony-traps to whom the grooming of a horse presents at first sight as many difficulties as the spectacle of a cow in a bathroom presents to a flat-dweller, and the various horse societies are receiving weird and wonderful queries about the upkeep of horses. The best thing to do if you are compelled to turn to horses for transport is to contact your local veterinary surgeon (this profession is also enjoying boom times). The vet will see to it that the horse you buy has a certificate. For if sold with a guarantee, the purchaser has a legally-binding contract. So many veterinary surgeons, however, are in the Army that it is not easy to secure their services. Fortunately, there are a number of woman vets.

As for breweries, railway companies and dairy firms, they are at last reaping the benefit of their old-fashioned prejudice in favour of the horse. In some out-of-the-way districts, motor-cars are being transformed into horse-carriages, as has been prevalent for a long time in France. The photograph you see here is that of the Dowager Lady Jersey's vehicle.

The position was made all the more acute by the fact that official buyers from Germany and Russia came over to this country and Ireland before the war to buy up our best animals. The Russians concentrated on Eire, buying Percherons, shire-horses and all sorts of good, thick stallions, to cross with their shaggy Cossack animals. The Germans were also doing the same in this country, buying stallions to sire horses for military purposes. The more one thinks about this, the more evident it is from the type of horse they bought that they were even then envisaging the certainty of war with Russia.

The Russians will have to be supplied with thousands of horses by us and the United States when the war is over. Over vast tracts of the Soviet, horses are the only possible form of transport; and thousands have been eaten, killed in action or slaughtered to avoid falling into German hands.

In various parts of this country there are provincial car-breaking yards working hard at "making up" traps from spare parts; and the harness-horse, regarded as an ugly duckling before the war—unprofitable to breed and far too slow for transport purposes—has now, metaphorically, turned into a swan. For a good hackney can trot at ten or twelve miles an hour, pulling a party of three or four.

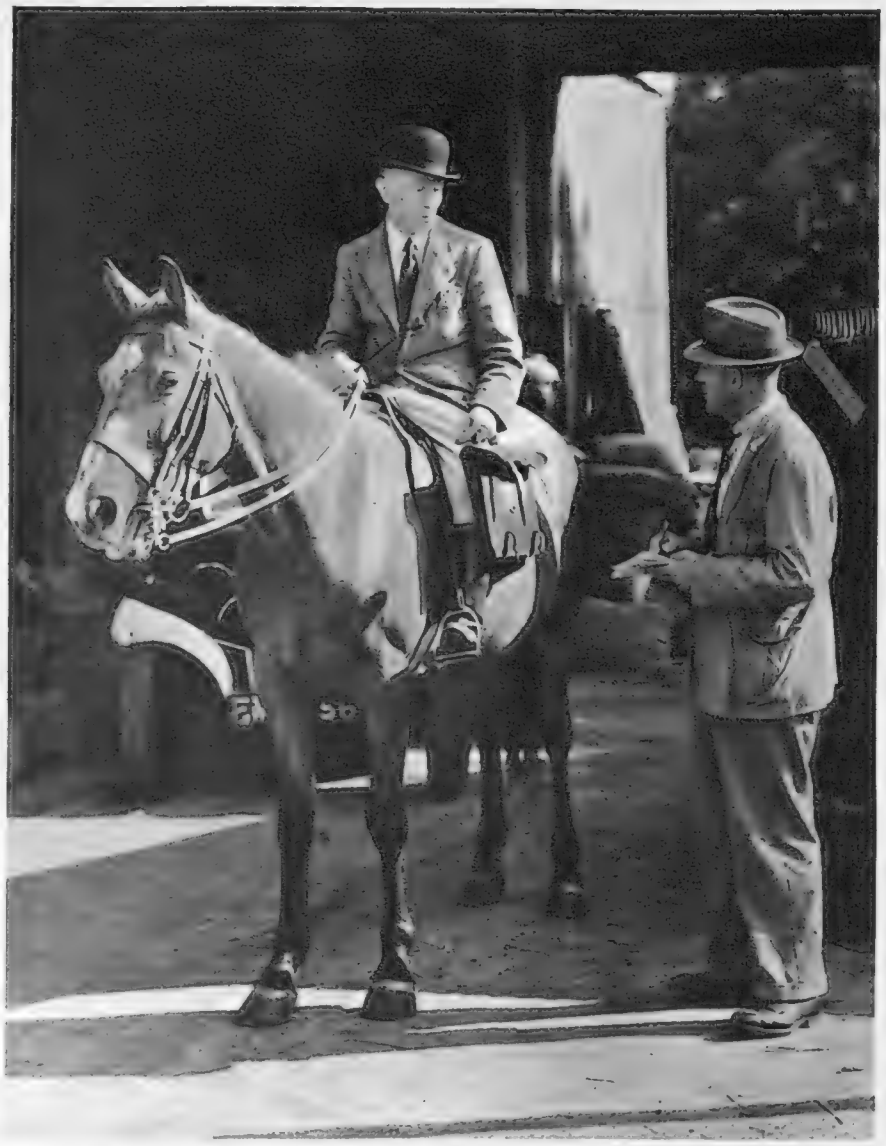
Over a year ago my dentist told me that he had been compelled to buy himself a horse and trap to get him to Woking for the London train. At a party in Sussex given for the officers of a newly-arrived Yeomanry Regiment, no fewer than eight different sets of guests arrived in traps of one kind or another.

The Driving Club is a flourishing organisation, the members of which are all owners of horse-drawn vehicles, and encourage the use of the horse in country districts. Berkshire is a particularly good example of the present popularity of driving, and what used to be the equivalent of the motor-car enthusiast's affection for forty-year-old motor-cars has now become a really practical solution of transport difficulties.

Presumably, we will not go back to the good old days of coaching, with fast post-chaises, though, judging by *Tristram Shandy*, life was a lot of fun in those days.

The fact remains that until Japan is defeated—and most experts seem to think that this will take longer to achieve than the capitulation of Germany—there will be a shortage of rubber that will necessitate the continued popularity of the horse.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO! The Dowager Countess of Jersey solves the transport problem in her own way: Having a horse, but no petrol, the out-of-petrol Austin car was adapted for to-day's conditions. After the war it will not be difficult to put the engine and front wheels back where they belong and pension off the horse! At the moment, the horse has come back—with a vengeance. Good ponies and cobs are fetching from 40 to 50 guineas at the sales: people from all over the country are coming to London to buy, and at one recent auction there was an attendance of over 1,000. Vehicles also are in demand, and as much as 70 guineas has been paid for a governess-cart "in good condition"



A ONE-HORSE-POWER COMBINATION FOR A CITY TRAVELLER: For over twenty-five years, the traveller of the City firm of Crowden and Keeves, Ltd., of Shoreditch, has done his rounds in a luxurious motor-car. Now he has had to call on his thoroughbred hunter for his rural calls, owing to the drastic petrol restrictions. Dawn, his one-horse-power mount, has been specially shod, with rubber bars to her hoofs, to enable her to stand up to the modern hard and slippery roads. This picture was taken at Pinner, whilst the traveller was paying a visit to one of his customers

Amongst certain detachments of the Home Guard the horse has always been popular. Here a section of a Yeomanry Company are patrolling a Dartmoor area

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

"Barry," six years of age, deserted by mother, neglected and ill-treated by foster-parents, the father was at his wits' end. Now all is changed, for "Barry" knows happy childhood hours with others of his own age. Funds are urgently required. Please send to Head Office, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

LISTING HEAVILY TO PORT, AND WITH HER GUNS STILL POINTING DEFIANTLY UPWARDS, the U.S.S. "Yorktown" (19,900-ton Aircraft-Carrier) goes slowly down after a terrific pounding by Jap bombs and torpedoes at Midway Island. She capsized and sank on June 7

The LOSS of the "YORKTOWN"

The U.S. Aircraft-Carrier which Capsized After the Midway Battle on June 7

Owing to the necessity for keeping her loss a secret from the enemy, the sinking of the *Yorktown* on June 7 at Midway Island was only made public by the U.S. Navy Department a few days ago. The 19,900-ton aircraft-carrier was completed in November 1938: she had (with flying personnel) a complement of over 2,000. At Midway she had taken part in the rout of the Japanese Fleet when she was attacked by aircraft.

Yorktown was put out of action; but tugs and salvage boats succeeded in getting her under control. By the morning of June 6 (two days after the first attacks had developed) the prospects of saving her appeared brighter. After the first attack she had listed heavily and was in imminent danger of capsizing, and she had been abandoned by her crew.

Then shortly after noon a submarine attacked: two torpedo hits were made amidships, and the *Yorktown's* condition became critical. Early the next morning she capsized and sank.

The aircraft-carrier and the destroyer *Hammann* were the only American ships sunk at Midway.

SMOKING FROM FIRES BELOW, LISTING HEAVILY (BUT STILL AFLOAT), the Carrier was later hit by two torpedoes from a Japanese submarine. The men seen on her deck above were part of the small salvage crew: two aircraft are also seen still in position on the flight deck

DOWN ROPES AND LADDERS, THE CREW OF THE CRIPPLED "YORKTOWN" SLIDE TO SMALL BOATS, which picked them up and transferred them to rescue ships, including the destroyer at the right. Later a salvage crew returned to the doomed ship and had made progress in getting her to port, when a Jap submarine put two torpedoes into the vessel which put her down for good

AWAY FROM THESE WARS. . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie By J. G.

THE THREE-MILE RADIUS.—Austerity has come at last, and with a vengeance. The destructiveness of war, as it affects the arts of peace and all intellectual recreation, grows more and more apparent. Happy that man who, living in a rural area to-day, has one friend of his own mental calibre—be it wide or narrow—within walking distance. By a stroke of the Petrol Controller's pen, we are put back to the conditions of life described in Jane Austen's novels—the spatial circumscriptions of the two epochs are about the same.

A visit to a " neighbouring county " is an adventure and an event to-day, as it was 150 years ago. The Mecca of society is once more the country town within walking distance. If that town be a market town, a cathedral city or a " garrison town," so much the better for the rustic Crusoe. The trouble is—the devil of it is—that, if the circumscription in terms of space is once more about equal for these two epochs, the social initiative and zest for the adventure of travel were enormously greater among the Austenites. Those delicate ladies were perfectly prepared to face the discomfort of long coach journeys ; they would ride out on a farm horse to the distant prospect of an evening's melody or a card-party. And when their bodies were perforce static, their minds still moved. Their thoughts were perpetually busy and occupied with curiosity. The reactions of their neighbours to the changes and chances of humdrum rural life were a perpetual source of entertainment, and the liveliest subjects for speculation and discussion. An officer's uniform—typifying all the vast possibilities of a suitable " establishment in life "—could flutter every female heart, as the permutations of its implications could squander time in drawing-room discussions or dressing-table chatter. As for the Mr. Bennetts, they fell back for mental recreation on their well-stocked libraries, and found the world of books quite large enough for an escape from the problems of their turnips.

The devil is that we New Austenites have known better—or at least wider—days. When we killed space, we rationed time and greatly enlarged our field of interests. Robbed of our wider horizon in terms of space, we cannot correspondingly enlarge the field of our mental activities, though these are now greatly restricted by bodily exhaustion. We are as yet incapable of re-investing with importance the *va-et-vient* of a village street, or the return of the vicar's daughter from her finishing school. Our minds are become too stretched by recent enfranchisements to discuss non-stop (for weeks before it happens) a village fête or a parlour bun-fight—or even the last new novel. We, like the Janeites, are in prison but we lack their resources to ke p our minds alive and distracted.

A CHALLENGE TO SELF-PRIDE.—I think that our present circumscription is sent us as a test and a challenge to our vaunted superiority in wisdom and initiative over our ancestors who lived between the dates of Waterloo and the present century. In the years between world wars, we encouraged the " debunking " of the Great Victorians, and laughed loud at every sally made upon those " stuffy Panjandrums." There was, no doubt, some justice in the debunking. In fairness, it could be argued that if *we* had had their advantages of security and prolonged peace, we might have gone as far as they ; and that they, if they had suffered handicaps of insecurity, revolution and world wars like ours, would hardly have travelled as far as they did along the road to Fame. Be that as it may, the time is come now for us to justify it to the hilt if we can.

This winter will be our testing-time. Before next spring, we shall have proved the worth of the gifts which science in our day has bestowed upon us. Has it increased the hidden resources within us, or weakened and dissipated them ? Has it built up character, or merely supplied the tickets and buttons and switches of escape ? Are we better equipped, or worse, to face a period of loneliness and imprisonment than were our grandfathers whom we have conspired to ridicule under the lead of Lytton Strachey ? Lacking coal, shall we prove capable of warming our hands before the fires of life and, lacking transport, of enlarging our minds by roaming over the realms of literature ? That we must try to do these things, I take as essential The machinery of what we knew as civilised existence is clearly beginning to break down under the stress and restrictions imposed by war, and that breakdown is in its way a healthy proof that we are canalising into the war channel our efforts to beat Hitler.

DEMOLISHING THE RUINS IN THE TEMPLE : Squads of men are now at work pulling down the remains of the historic Temple Library which was wrecked during enemy raids on London. It was decided to demolish what was left of the building as it was considered unsafe in its present condition

But our minds and habits of thought do not respond to this return to primitive existence anything like as quickly as they should, if we are to keep our culture (at least in cold storage), and to retain sanity and balance of mind in the dark and lonely days ahead.

" TOUJOURS PERDRIX."—Some of the " escape " switches which science devised for us we may still turn on. The wireless switch, for example. Unfortunately, that particular switch to-day is wrongly labelled " escape." It is, on the contrary, *insistent* on war. War in every phase of war. War, like an evil-smelling onion, permeating and tainting every feature of human activity from the kitchen to the music-room. It is the same with the Press—at least, the *news*papers.

Complacency is not a desirable habit of mind in a death struggle, but I think the risks of complacency are over exaggerated. It is difficult to be complacent to-day if one's eyes and ears are in working order, and my experience does indeed convince me that the sanest men around us are those who severely ration their hours of broadcasting and choose their journals for the light they throw on matters more constructive and permanent than total war and nothing but war.

It will be wiser and more profitable this winter to allocate to (e.g.) Lockhart's *Life of Scott* or the plays of Shakespeare at least three-quarters of the time spent daily in listening to repetitive news-bulletins, redundant war-talks and unwieldy reports of heady and heated Parliamentary debates.

The percentage of wisdom, truth, sense and foresight which have emerged since September 1938 or 1939 from war forecasts, speeches, talks and prophecies, appreciations, warnings and promises, is so notoriously low as to dumbfound anybody who may have leisure to investigate and to contemplate the waste of time he has spent in listening to or reading them. There are probably a few men alive whose war job has been to file and cross-index these documents, and those hardy indexers, if they are not in a madhouse, must to-day be confirmed and despairing cynics.

But (apart from the trashiness of this *toujours perdrix* of war commentary, which has filled us to nausea and repletion) the importance of change of scene and subject from a medical viewpoint is not even now generally appreciated. There is no doubt that the more active the mind, the more urgent the need for a periodic change of scene for the body. That vital change of scene is now largely ruled out, and, accordingly, the next best thing, a holiday for and by imagination, is an urgent necessity if we are to retain a measure of health and sanity and balance in the grim and dark months that lie ahead of us.

"Now Draws to Its Close Another Day . . ."

THE LATE 2ND LIEUT. COLIN G. A. LEECHMAN, R.H.A., who died of wounds in Libya in June 1942, whilst serving with the 11th Regt. (H.A.C.), R.H.A. : Born in Colombo, Ceylon, September 10, 1921, the eldest son of the late George Barclay Leechman and Mrs. Pollard and stepson of Major-General J. H. W Pollard, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (who died early this year), Lieut. Leechman was educated at West Downs School and Wellington : he was always destined for the Army but being too young for military service he went to France in the spring of 1940 with a Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen. He joined the Armed Forces on reaching the age of nineteen, and afterwards became Senior Officer Cadet of his O.C.T.U., and was commissioned on May 31 1941 He died of wounds before reaching his twenty-first birthday

A Young Soldier to His Mother

A letter written by 2nd Lieut. Leechman to his mother in the event of his death. He died of wounds in Libya in June, aged 20

MUMMIE, MY DARLING,

It seems here, at the moment, so odd that I should be sitting down to write on this cheap little bit of paper what may turn out to be my last letter to you.

Should I die, I shall feel one great regret—a regret that the fullness of life has not been mine, and that I shall not have been able to give to the world what the world has given to me.

I regret nothing in my life, but feel in leaving it a great loathing that it has not been for me to help to my utmost ability you and everyone else now that Dad has gone. However, of this I am certain—that at least one of your children will be landed in History, and that your family seed will help to uphold the far-reaching traditions of chivalry and kindness which to-day seem so lost in the fog of conflicts. In dying I would like you to feel that it is for the greatest cause that I have been asked to lay down my life ; a cause I think best described in Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address : " that we should dedicate ourselves to the great task remaining before us ; that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion . . . that under God this Nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In my diary—I think it is there—is a printed copy of a letter written by a man in the R.A.F. to his mother. It says all that I should wish to express, only far better than I could say it ; nevertheless I repeat his words, and may they mean as much to you as though I had originated each phrase, each sentence.

Mummie, darling, I have loved and honoured you and each member of the family more than you will ever know. All I can say now is this. My evening has come, and I go to bed in peace. I hope I have never offended any man, for I have always aimed to be fair, just and kind. Pray God I have succeeded. I have loved life to the utmost : the flowers, the trees, the clouds, the sea—yes, and particularly the smell of the country after rain.

Thank everyone for having been so wonderfully kind to me.

Now draws to its close another day. O God that it could have been longer.

The night is dark ; but the moon will soon be up. I must go now. Sleep like a log. I have loved you all so much.

COLIN.

South of Gazala.
15.3.42

IDEAS in MILITARY EQUIPMENT

HOW TO CROSS A RIVER BY MEANS OF AN IMPROVISED BRIDGE MADE UP OF ROPES: Part of the "tough training" at the Army School of Physical Training. The soldier, it will be observed, is carrying full kit: note the clever way in which he has employed wooden pegs to aid his passage and to prevent himself from falling into the water beneath

KNIVES FOR NATIVE TROOPS IN THE CONGO: They are strapped on to the soldier's pack as shown here

This picture was taken at Leopoldville, in the Belgian Congo, during a parade of native soldiers. Not only are the troops provided with coverings for the back of their heads against the tropic sun, but they are also equipped with big knives—probably for hacking through the dense jungle in the Congo region

On right—The King has now approved the design of a badge to be worn by all officers and warrant officers who have qualified as Observers in the Fleet Air Arm. A new badge of similar design has also been approved for Rating Observers and Air Gunners. The badge above is that to be worn by officers: below is the badge for ratings—minus the Crown

THE NEW BADGES FOR OBSERVERS OF THE FLEET AIR ARM

THE EQUIPMENT CARRIED BY A BREN-GUN CARRIER: The tools and appliances carried by each of these vehicles are here laid out for inspection. Not only do the crew operate the carriers, but they are also responsible for the proper maintenance and repair of their vehicles on the road

SUPPLIES FROM THE AIR FOR THE LAND FORCES IN NEW GUINEA: In the Kokoda area in the Owen Stanley Range, U.S. and Australian fighters are contesting the Japanese push to Port Moresby. Trails are few and difficult: some supplies are carried up to the front by native porters over the mountains, but transport aircraft are carrying the majority of the urgently required equipment and supplies

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SATIRIST'S ENCOUNTER WITH "THE BOCHE"

Peter de Polnay's Adventures; A Novel by Hugh Walpole; An Historian's Autobiography; Summer Holidays of Yester-year

STILL they come, these books by writers who stayed, saw and suffered in the fall of France. One and all they have loved France. One and all they testify to the sickness of equivocation, bewildered acquisition and frustration in which her people live through their shameful humiliation. (Yet it is significant that, in these pages, there is no presage of a rise to former dignity and greatness. The men and women who are hunted by Laval's Gestapo-trained jackals, and face the firing-squads of the butcher Stuelpnagel, are but noises off and sometimes not even that, in these dramas of planned escape.)

Yes, they loved France, the beautiful mistress with whom they lived so tolerantly, so elegantly: but they were *étrangers*; they had to go. And why not? Who dies, if France lives? No such brave words were breathed in the bars and bistros where one planned escape, and indulged in studiously-naïve conversations, with unstudiously-naïve Nazi soldiers. Nor, beside muddy waters of Vichy, could one do anything but sit down and weep, and make for the frontier.

Mr. Peter de Polnay tells in DEATH AND TO-MORROW (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) how he was caught living on the Butte, saw the Boches swarm up the hill to Montmartre, get drunk, and yet be as well-behaved as any other tripper. A Hungarian, he talked long and often with them. To live he sold them bad water-colours. Hating them, he spread false rumours and typed subversive leaflets. Fearing them, he eventually beat the Gestapo to it and made for Vichy.

Passionately pro-English, he sought to escape, only to be denounced by an *agent provocateur* in Marseilles. With the scum of the earth, he there spent some weary, dehabilitating months in prison. Enduring terrible privations, and more incarceration in a Spanish prison, he at last got to Gibraltar and thence to England.

Now Mr. de Polnay, who has written some lively and entertaining books in English, has been through all this without losing the ability to record them in the high spirits and satirical sense of flippancy which pervade all his work. He is at his most entertaining when twisting the tails of the Boches in Paris bars. From these conversations, he also manages to extract some significant truths. As, for instance, the Junker officer who, *in vino veritas*, said that Germany had produced the three most dislikeable men in history, Luther, Marx and Hitler. They were a nation of Suicides. "Why, then, did Germany want to kill everybody around her before she finished off herself?" The Prussian answered, "What right has the rest of the world to live if we die because we don't know how to live?"

This is a civilised, entertaining—yes, *entertaining*—and significant record of personal courage, integrity and endurance. We can admire Mr. de Polnay also for his acute powers of observation, and accept the compliment of his unswerving belief in our own national tenacity. But the defiant voices of the murdered hostages are yet to be recorded.

Sir Hugh Walpole's posthumous novel, THE KILLER AND THE SLAIN (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), is described by the author as "this macabre" and dedicated to Henry James. (He should have been saved the obvious misprint.)

As a schoolboy, the gentle, weak John Talbot had fallen under the domination of the gay, arrogant and coarse James Tunstall. In manhood the relationship is intensified. The weakling provides Tunstall with repeated orgies of sadistic tormentings until at last, in a scene of screaming horror, Talbot murders him.

But Talbot has not escaped. He is haunted by the spirit of the man he has killed. The evil thing he sought to destroy takes possession of him, and he seeks, in turn, a victim rather like his old timorous self.

Into such tales of horror, Sir Hugh Walpole is apt to put some of his best writing. No one knew better how to handle the rising crescendo of hysteria, or to extract full measure from mental and physical torture. In this book, he lets himself go, and it is because it lacks the discipline of reality that it falls short of his early masterpiece on a similar theme.

"*Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage.*" Mr. E. L. Woodward's autobiography is modestly called SHORT JOURNEY (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), but its range is far more than that would imply, in the regions of time and space and thought as well. Hampstead to the monasteries of Mount Athos is no week-end trip, nor is the distance, reckoned in other measures, between the Woolwich school boy, who "regarded a shortage of ammunition as no less grievous a sin than a neglect of churchgoing," and the Fellow of All Souls'.

Mr. Woodward is an historian, and the reader of his memoirs has the impression that he has had the historian's scrupulous exactness, if not the historian's attention to exhaustive detail in the writing of his own life.

After twenty years as an Oxford don of great distinction, it is Mr. Woodward's opinion that "an Oxford or Cambridge college is unlikely to attract men of creative powers of an artistic kind," and cites Walter Pater as a "dismal warning." T. E Lawrence was, in his view, one exception to this generalisation, and he goes on to write of him: "Lawrence was by far the most remarkable man I have ever met. It is a testimony to his extraordinary power of mind that you could tolerate in him qualities which would have been merely irritating in anyone else. These qualities were, in fact, protective. . . . He did not choose this withdrawal for his own peace. He was fighting, within the closed frontiers of his own mind, anarchy and civil war, and struggling against the deepest and blackest negation. . . ."

He has far more to say about Lawrence, but I will only quote a line or two which seem to me to give the quality of Mr. Woodward's own judgment excellently. ". . . I cannot claim in any way to have been one of his friends. Incidentally, I think this claim has been too easily made. Lawrence had very good and very charming manners, and, if you saw him often, you might well think that friendliness was friendship. . . . A good many of the guesses recorded by people who have written about Lawrence are very wide of the mark."

And here is Mr. Woodward on a very different character; Dr. Spooner. "There was no doubt about his Spoonerisms. He made scores of them. . . . I have a letter from him beginning with the words, 'My Dear Woodhead.' I remember him asking my wife what she thought of Synge's play, *The Ploughboy of the Western World*. . . . I have heard him ask an undergraduate whether he had formed up a fill. . . "

Much of Mr. Woodward's book is charming, much is wise and much is extremely diverting. In the latter category I would put his brief preface, subscribed "Great Western Railway, December-January, 1942."

It is hard to say much about Mr. Frank Tilsley's new novel, WHAT'S IN IT FOR WALTER? (Collins. 8s. 6d.), except that, since the period is very definitely pre-1939 and the setting a seaside holiday camp, it may have some kind of appeal, if only the too-often-quoted one of -sc-p-sm.

The plot of the book will take scarcely any working out, since it concerns the ennobling effects of playing the piano continuously for a hundred hours in a kind of demented, and not quite honest, marathon attempt. It is slick writing, however, even though it doesn't make one regret the summer holidays that we used to know.

OLD HOARDING POSTERS TAKEN DOWN FOR PAPER SALVAGE: In the Strand, in London, there is a huge bill-poster hoarding which measures 31 ft. by 20 ft; poster after poster has been pasted on it. Now it is being stripped bare—for paper salvage. It is expected that this hoarding will yield about 2 cwt. of paper!

WASTE PAPER IS A MUNITION OF WAR

THE NEW LONDON PLAYS

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*CLAUDIA*" (St. Martin's).—Two things about this little play seem to me a bit mysterious. One is that it should have run for a long, long time in New York (where it is still running) without Miss Pamela Brown in the cast. The other is that this should be Miss Brown's first appearance in London; she is only twenty-four, which is no great age; but she has been on the stage, I gather, for six or seven years.

To take the play first. It is a story of a young married couple who have rented a farm not far from New York, not so much, apparently, in order to raise pigs and poultry but so that they may have a nice healthy place to squabble in. The wife—an exasperating piece of whimsicality, to live with whom must have been sheer hell—is going to have a baby. She also has a "mother-complex." Much business in Act I is concerned with an egg. When a bit later on we learn that the girl's mother is feeling ill and has seen a doctor and that the verdict is serious, I thought for a moment that she might be about to lay an egg. But no. Amid stretches of "bright" chatter and an intolerably unamusing scene about a suit of silk pyjamas, it is revealed that the poor lady has an incurable disease. What fun! And that, apart from a few situations which provide good entertainment largely from the perfect way in which they are acted, is "Claudia."

If there is a long run in London it will be because people will flock to see Miss Brown. And they will be right. Since she in very truth won fame in a night, it is probably pretty well known by this time that her appearance is unconventional and that she is no "glamour-girl." She has no need to be. She has genius, which is much more important than glamour.

The Belle of New York (Coliseum).—"Who fears to speak of '98?" runs the old song. The answer, so far as concerns anybody in any way connected with this cheery and lavish revival, is—nobody. I did not see the original production in 1898; but this is certainly the best of the several revivals I have seen. Of course, the old play "dates." But it does so in the right way; for nostalgic yearnings can be pleasant, and it was wise to show us the female costumes of forty-four years ago. The tunes are as fresh and as ear-tickling as they were when ground out on street-organs in the days of the South African War. Miss Evelyn Laye, demure and lovely, was in good voice as "the Belle," and Miss Enid Stamp Taylor, almost the only member of the cast to talk really convincing American (though she is as English as can be), made a deliciously tough and breezy contrast as Cora. Mr. Billy Tasker (Harry Bronson) I thought excellent. Also, the unidentifiable gentleman who looked like Mr. Hannen Swaffer.

A Man with Red Hair (Ambassadors).—Here is a quite unnecessary revival of a play the reverse of cheery. Sadistic monstrosities are not welcome on the stage at any time, even if Mr. "James Hadley Chase" can get away with 'em. Mr. Francis L. Sullivan is far too good an actor to waste his talent on so preposterous a figure as the plump, red-wigged Mr. Crispin, with his knives and whips and decadent sibilance. Besides, the character is a bore. And sadists should never be bores.

The Great Mr. Handel (Film. Leicester Square Theatre).—To put the mighty Handel on to the screen was a courageous step. Frankly, I had my misgivings. I need not have had any. In every detail these episodes in the composer's life when he dwelt in his (still-standing) house in Brook Street, W., are produced and acted in a manner worthy of the man's consummate genius. A beautiful, restrained production—exquisite throughout. To Mr. Norman Walker (producer), Mr. Ernest Irving (musical director), Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, who plays Handel, and many others, the highest praise is due.

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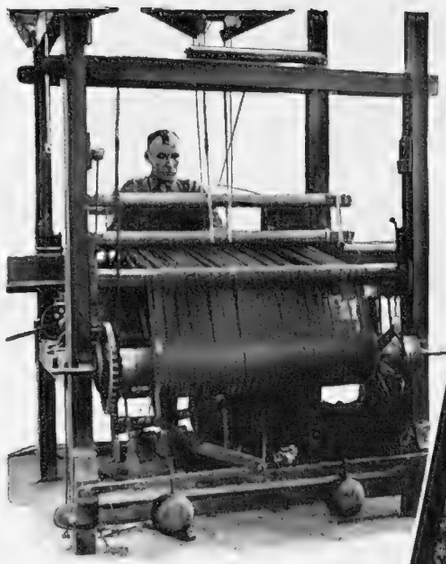

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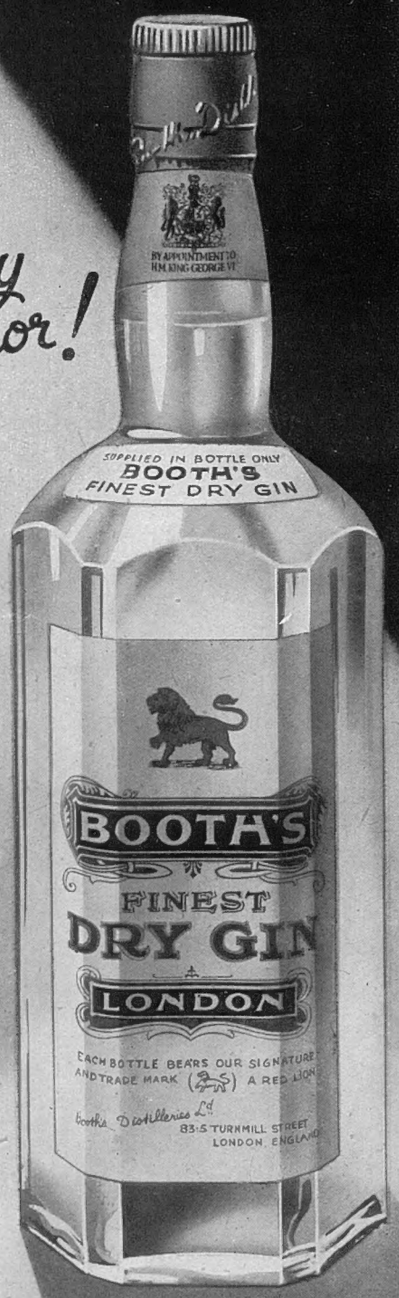

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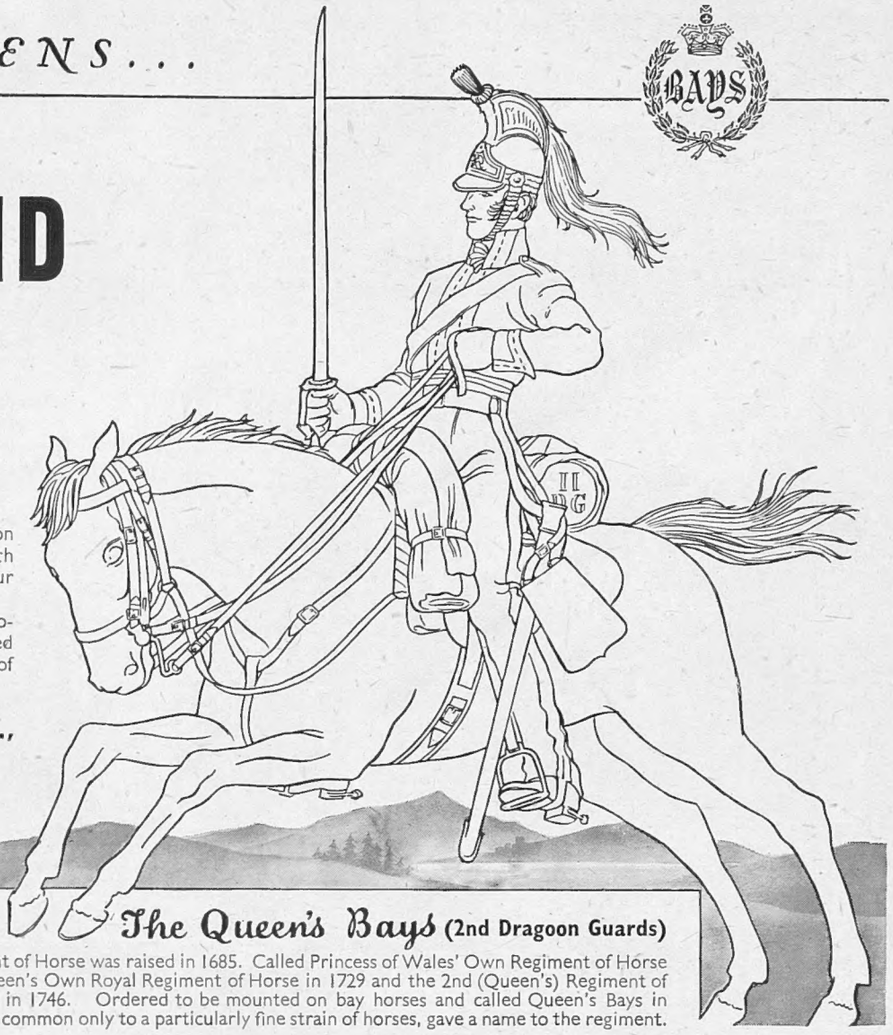

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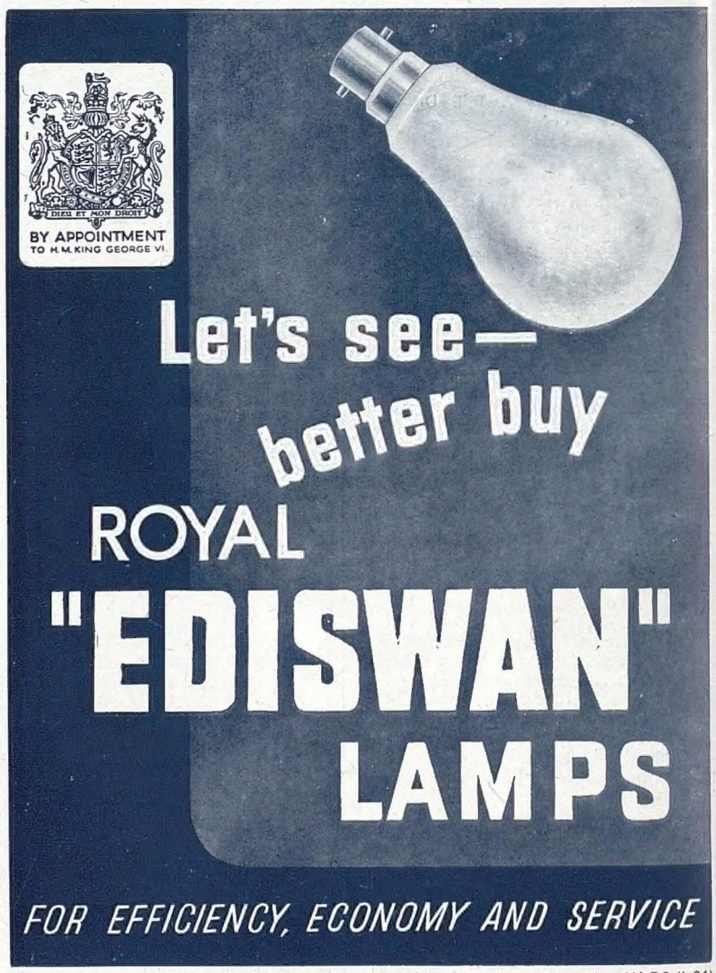

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